"HOUSE PARTY II"

by

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HOUSE PARTY II

FADE IN:

OPENING MUSIC BEGINS

TITLES BEGIN:

PAN THROUGH A CAMPUS PARTY

TITLES END:

MUSIC FADES.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY - EST.

MOVE down the ivory covered tower of a hall of learning to the window of a classroom. MOVING INSIDE WE SEE:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The students looking forward with fear as the PROFESSOR paces the room holding their graded exams. They all watch his every step and movement with great trepidation. All except for one student --

KID

Who is fighting to stay awake. His eye-lids flutter and his head slowly dips down towards his desk, though he tries gallantly to correct it -- jerking his head back to attention, only for it to lean forward again.

PROFESSOR
Well I completed your test scores last night and once again this class has presented me with what basically amounts to mediocrity.

The Professor looks Kid's way and Kid manages to look alert for a brief moment, forcing his eyes wide and receptive. But as soon as the Professor looks away his eyelids immediately return to half mast.

PROFESSOR
One student however has achieved a grade that surpasses any I have ever given. A grade that is indeed extraordinary.

He walks to the blackboard. And picks up a piece of chalk to write the grade on the board.

PROFESSOR
An "F".

He puts a dash behind it.

PROFESSOR
Minus.

He circles the grade for emphasis.

PROFESSOR
And would you like to know who that student is?

The STUDENTS all gulp in horror that they could be the one.

PROFESSOR
HIM!

He points his finger with a thrust of evil damnation. All heads in the class turn with a snap to see the object of the teachers indignation...

KID

Who's stamina, suddenly gone, sends his head falling to his desk with a LOUD RESOUNDING THUMP!

The SOUND ECHOES through the room, the only thing that breaks the silence is Kid's unexpectedly LOUD SNORE.

The Professor won't take such an insult, and stridently approaches Kid as the class watches.

PROFESSOR
Christopher!

Kid jerks up to attention.

KID
Sir!

PROFESSOR
In college we don't have time for such antics. Perhaps you don't value the fact that you're in this institution, on scholarship I might add. I however think you owe it to yourself and your family to at least pretend to be interested in what we have to offer.

KID
I'm sorry sir.

PROFESSOR
I'm afraid "sorry" doesn't cut it in the halls of higher education son. I sit on the acceptance committee, and I told them I felt you didn't have what it takes. But perhaps all you need is some discipline.

KID
Sir?

PROFESSOR
I think you should talk to our Deans Of Discipline.

Literally from nowhere, STAB, ZILLA and PEE-WEE materialize, dressed in Doctoral graduation gowns. Kid looks up at them with fear and awe.

STAB
We are the Deans of Discipline.

ZILLA
And we believe that some students need more of a "hands on" approach.

STAB
So we are here...

PEE-WEE
To kick your fuckin ass!

They grab Kid and heave him into the air, DUPLICATING THE SHOT in the cafeteria scene of "HP-1". As before Stab prepares to sucker punch Kid in the mug.

KID
I feel like I've been here before.

Stab winds up and, as the fist begins to fly like a brick seemingly from the floor to Kid's face, Kid screams...

KID
Help! Pops!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

PLAY'S BEDROOM - DAY - TIGHT - KID

Kid in bed still screaming.

KID
Pop...!

PLAY runs in through the bedroom door and shakes him awake. He looks up at him in a daze.

PLAY
Kid... Yo, wake up.

KID
Pop?

PLAY
Play. Nightmare?

KID
For real.

Kid groggily begins to pull himself out of the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Play stands leaning against his car. A new red convertible. His arms are folded, he checks his watch and yells towards the front door.

PLAY
Kid! Let's move!

KID bursts through the screen door, arms loaded with bags that he awkwardly carries to Play's car, dropping a few items as he moves.

He reaches Play's car and heaves his armful recklessly into the back seat.

PLAY
Damn. Watch the upholstery.

PLAY'S MOM walks out with a brown bag, and holds it up from the porch.

PLAY'S MOM
Here's something for your trip.

As she walks to the car she picks up Kid's dropped articles, which she hands to him along with the lunch.

PLAY
Mom we headed downtown, not out of state.

Kid takes the bag.

KID
Thanks Mrs. M. And I want to thank you for helping me out so much after my father...

PLAY'S MOM
Kid you always have been and always will be welcome in our house.

KID
Thanks Mrs. M.

PLAY'S DAD walks out.

PLAY'S DAD
Play! Boy where you going?

PLAY
Takin' Kid to college.

KID
(reminding him)
And by the church.

Kid is searching his pockets as he talks.

PLAY'S MOM
What's at the church?

KID
My wallet....?

PLAY'S MOM
Your wallet?

KID
I can't find my wallet. My scholarship check is at the church.

Kid starts looking through some of the baggage he tossed into the back of Play's car, as Play's Dad walks up to him.

PLAY'S DAD
Kid I know your father would be proud of you.

KID
He always said he couldn't wait until I went off to college.

PLAY'S DAD
(pointedly towards Play)
So he could watch his son go on to higher things.

KID
No, so he could turn my bedroom into a pool room.

Kid triumphantly pulls his wallet out of a duffle-bag.

PLAY'S DAD
(ignoring Kid's joke)
Seems some people don't know the value of an education. They'd rather drive around in a car trying to look cute.

Play rolls his eyes as he starts his engine..

PLAY
I do have a job.

PLAY'S DAD
Working at that record store when you could be getting an education...

PLAY
Later Dad.

Play is backing out of the driveway as his Dad yells...

PLAY'S DAD
That car is only going to drive you so far. If you really wanted to be in the race you'd take your black ass to college!

INT. PLAY'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Play cruises through the streets in his car like the King of the World, and slides in a cassette.

KID
Why did you buy this car? This must have set you back serious bank.

They stop at a light next to another convertible with a SHARP SISTER behind the wheel. She looks over at Play and smiles, before the light changes and they both pull off.

KID
Reason number one, right?

PLAY
It goes beyond that. This car represents me. What I am and where I'm going. You got to look the part to be the part.. Positive thinking.

KID
You tellin' me you spent all your money, to pretend you have more money in the hopes it will make you some more money?

PLAY
Word! The fact that with this ride I could pull damn near any honey I wanted is a bonus.

They pull up to another light next to the same Sharp Sister who eyes Play while he eyes her back. Kid whispers to his buddy.

KID
So why don't you get the four-one-one and set that up?

Play, never taking his eyes off the girl comments to Kid out the side of his mouth...

PLAY
Cause I'm broke.

The light changes and the cars pull off.

PLAY
But I got a hot deal about to jump off, and since you my boy, I want to hook you up. We can both make stupid money.

KID
If it interferes with school I'm not interested.

Play pulls up in front of...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A small, community type, Baptist church.

PLAY
Just promise after we drop your stuff you'll go to this meeting with me.

KID
Okay - I will... be right back.

Kid jumps out of the car and shuts the door and starts taking deep breaths of air. Filling his lungs like he's having an attack.

PLAY
You ill?

KID
(totally calm)
Naw, I jess got ta get some air before I meet with Reverend Simms. He's a cool old dude, but he's got a problem.

CUT TO:

INT. REVEREND SIMMS'S CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

This is a church that serves the people, and judging by the decor and furniture, works hard to stay afloat. An older gentleman, REVEREND SIMMS, sits behind his humble desk, wearily listening as an even older woman, MRS. WILSON, the church secretary, stands in front of him reading off a stack of bills.

MRS. WILSON
Electric -- overdue. Church mortgage -- overdue... Gas -- overdue.

Suddenly Reverend Simms, sitting at his desk reveals his problem. A not too silent fart SQUEAKS out.

MRS. WILSON cringes at the sound but doesn't say anything. The smell is hitting her nose, and she tries to modulate her breath to deal with it. He does it so much no one mentions it.

Kid stands unnoticed at the door and grimaces at the smell. He also overhears a bit of the Reverend Simms's conversation.

REVEREND SIMMS
Mrs. Wilson. Are you suggesting that we use our student scholarship fund to pay these bills?

Mrs. Wilson notices Kid standing in the doorway. She smiles at him and looks back to the Reverend.

MRS. WILSON
Heaven's no.

REVEREND SIMMS
Good.

He rises from his chair to greet Kid, and along with the SQUEAK of his chair, there is another SQUEAK of his AIR.

REVEREND SIMMS
Mrs. Wilson we'll finish this later.

MRS. WILSON
No problem.

She makes a hasty retreat. Kid sniffing the air, but bearing with it enters. Mrs. Wilson looks back with sympathy at Kid.

MRS. WILSON
I'll keep the door open.

KID
Thanks.

She leaves and Reverend Simms smiles as Kid sits.

REVEREND SIMMS
Chris, you know you're one of my favorites.

KID
Thank-you Reverend Simms.

REVEREND SIMMS
You know, I grew up with your father. He was a good man.

Reverend Simms rises from his desk and circles the room as he walks and -- farts. Those cute little QUIET ONES.

REVEREND SIMMS
When we were youngsters we were going to go to college together.

He reaches to the top of a cabinet and hands Kid a framed picture of him and Kid's Pop when they were young men.

REVEREND SIMMS
Well that never happened. I made it, he couldn't go. Had to take care of his mother when she took ill.

Kid studies the PICTURE.

REVEREND SIMMS
But he still managed to be a great man. Yes he'd repent on Sunday and start to sin on Monday. But -- he was a great man in his way.

The good Reverend lets another RIP loose. Kid discretely cups his hand over his nose.

KID
Yes sir.

REVEREND SIMMS
I don't think you understand. He was great because he had dreams, and passed those dreams on to his child. See all parents have dreams, but it's the special parent that can make that dream blossom in his children. And because you have that dream Kid, this whole church is behind you.

He hands an envelope over to Kid, who peers inside.

KID
Thirty-five hundred dollars! I thought...

REVEREND SIMMS
I added that extra five-hundred myself, in memory of your father. And you take the picture.

KID
Thanks Reverend.

The Reverend Simms let's ANOTHER GO as Kid stands to shake his hand. He's anxious to leave. But Reverend Simms has more to say, and he's going to say it, even if it kills him, or Kid for that matter...

REVEREND SIMMS
You know you're going to my alma matter. I'll always remember my first day on campus. The sights, sounds, the smell of academia! It hits me right here.

The Reverend pounds his fist into his chest causing another STINKER to escape.

Kid looks at him eyes watering about to faint.

KID
Yeah, it chokes me up too.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PLAY'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELLING

Kid sits in the front seat looking at his scholarship check. He puts it in it's envelope and stuffs it into a larger worn and beaten manilla envelope that is stuffed with what is apparently other important papers.

KID
That mean green.

He sniffs his shirt.

KID
You sure I don't smell funny?

PLAY
From here you fine, I ain't gettin' no closer. Damn <u>this</u> is college?

THE CAMPUS

A different world. STUDENTS of all races and ages. MUSIC BLARES from cars and dorm windows. Everything from CLASSICAL, PUNK. FUNK to ROCK. BARRY MANILOW to KRS-1. WOMEN in summer outfits that would distract a blind man.

PLAY
Maybe dad was right. I need to be in college.

Play, busy watching a CUTE COED almost runs into the car next to him.

PLAY
Damn.
(to his car)
Sorry Precious.

KID
"Precious?"

PLAY
A fine car deserves a fine name.
Where's that map they gave you
with your dorm on it?

KID
Got it here.

Kid pulls up a manilla envelope of roughly thrown together papers and looks for the map. Fumbling he lets it fall on the floor pouring papers everywhere.

KID
Dawg...

PLAY
Let's just ask someone.

Play pulls over and stops near an All-American BLONDE STUDENT who walks studying a notebook.

PLAY
Yo! You know who to get to
Beiver Hall?

BLONDE STUDENT
Je ne sais pas. Je suis
Francaise. Je ne suis rien.
Bon chance mon amies.

PLAY
(with attitude)
Fuck you too punk!

He pulls off.

KID
What'd he say?

PLAY
I don't know, but I didn't want
to take any chance he might be
dissin' us.

EXT. KID'S DORM - DAY

Kid has found his map and points to his dorm as Play turns in to park. This must be the worse dorm on campus. If it were section eight it would be condemned.

KID
Home sweet home.

They grab a couple of suitcases and head down the walk to the dorm entrance. On the way they pass other students also moving in.

KID & PLAY'S P.O.V.

A FAMILY helping their DAUGHTER carry her luggage and, of even more concern to her an oversized teddy bear.

An old van, which a couple of RETURNING JOCKS get out. They go around back, and begin unloading the van with the assurance of guys who have been here before. We SEE: them drop: Suitcase, Suitcase, football, case of beer.

KID & PLAY check it out and walk up to the steps, where an TECHIE NERD is saying good-bye to his PARENTS as they walk away giving last words of assurance.

NERD'S MOM
Bye Honey. Mom loves you. Do good.

NERD'S DAD
Go get em Tiger!

He watches as his parents walk a little further away, then suddenly breaks down. Screaming and crying at the top of his lungs...

TECHIE NERD
But I'm going to be alone!!!

He runs past Kid and Play, down the stairs towards his parents.

KID
Deep.

They open the front door to enter and LOUD MUSIC blasts them in the face as a GROUP of partying young freshmen, BOYS AND GIRLS, drunk with new found freedom rush out past them.

PLAY
Now that's what I'm talking about.

They enter.

INT. DORM HALL/LOBBY - DAY - CHUCK

As Kid and Play stand in front of him, CHUCK the dorm R.A., and big time good 'ole boy redneck, delivers his spiel quickly without much enthusiasm, as he's probably said it forty times in the last three hours.

CHUCK
I'm Chuck your R.A. or resident advisor. It's my job to help you with any problems you may have adjusting to campus life, be they minor or life threatening. As long as they occur between the hours of ten a.m and eight p.m. Remember loud music after hours, or wild parties and orgies could result in disciplinary action unless of course I'm invited, in which case I may exercise leniency depending on the fineness of the women involved. Sign here for your keys.

He slides a paper in front of Kid, who signs as the Returning Jocks walk past carrying their case of beer. Chuck nonchalantly reaches out and grabs one.

CHUCK
Now this is unacceptable.

PLAY
No alcohol?

CHUCK
Not my brand.

He pops the top and takes a swig while sliding Kid his keys.

CHUCK
Front door, and dorm room. You're in... 204. Shit! <u>You're</u> the one in 204!

He starts laughing uncontrollably...

KID
What's wrong with 204?

CHUCK
You're rooming with Chaka...

KID
Chaka?

CHUCK
Chaka Zulu.

SMASH CUT TO:

AFRICAN WARRIOR - TIGHT

PULLING OUT to reveal it is a picture on the wall in:

INT. KID'S DORM ROOM - DAY - KID'S P.O.V.

Surrounding the picture are other African and African-American symbols and paraphernalia. Practically a marketplace of African-American culture. The one side of the room is filled with books, posters, flags, statues, nearly everything some shade of red, black or green.

The other side of the room is bare, but there is no doubting the Afro-centricity of this room. Perhaps even a poster of Farrakahn in the room.

PLAY
Damn looks like you in with one of those boys from "The Nation."

KID
Definitely a brother that's down.

Needless to say they're a bit surprised when from behind they hear...

JAMAL (O.S.)
What up Black?

Only to turn and SEE JAMAL, a white-boy with natty blonde dreadlocks wearing some very Pro-Black gear.

KID
Chaka?

Jamal speaks like he's from round the way.

JAMAL
I see you been talking to some of the unenlightened brothers or white devils on campus. The name's Jamal.

KID
Deep.

PLAY
Word.

Kid knew he'd meet different people but this is ridiculous.

INT. SIDNEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

SIDNEY and SHARANE packing Sidney's clothes in a trunk. It looks like she's moving an entire store.

SHARANE
Girl you gonna need a U-Haul to move all this stuff.

SIDNEY
I just want to be prepared for all emergencies.

Sharane holds up a sheer nightie of Sidney's.

SHARANE
What emergency is this for?

Sidney grabs for the garment, but Sharane keeps possession.

SHARANE
That, "I need a man" emergency?

Sidney smiles but doesn't get into the joke.

SIDNEY
That's the last thing on my mind. I got a man.

SHARANE
I know you and Kid are tight, but when you get to campus -- gonna be some fine negros.

This gets under Sidney's skin.

SIDNEY
Sharane, I'm gonna have enough to worry about just dealing with my classes. I don't need any distractions. And I wish you would respect what I have with Kid.

SHARANE
Okay. I didn't mean nothin'.

SIDNEY
I know. I'm sorry. I just feel all this pressure to do everything right.

SHARANE
I wish I had your pressures, instead of being stuck in some funky grocery store countin food stamps.

SIDNEY
But you makin that money. And there's always next semester.

SHARANE
Still, it ain't gonna be so much fun with you gone.

SIDNEY
I'm gonna miss you too.

SHARANE
Who said anything about missin' you - it's your clothes that fit me better than you that I'm gonna miss.

They laugh.

EXT. PLAY'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

PLAY
Alright, here's the deal. I got a connection that can help us hook up a demo, and maybe get us a label deal. Kid this could be serious.

KID
Play, I'm not doing anything to jeopardize school.

PLAY
But you my boy!

KID
Play my mind's set. Nothin's gonna change it.

PLAY
Wait 'til you peep Sheila.

KID
No female can affect my brain.

SMASH CUT TO:

KID - WIDE-EYED AND ENTRANCED

As he sits across from the stunning SHEILA. But she's more than just fine, she's smart and fine. More than smart and fine she's elegantly smart and fine. In other words - Baby is dope, da bomb, outta here! We are:

INT. SHEILA'S OFFICE - DAY

Small but well appointed. Sheila sits behind her desk facing Kid and Play. On the wall behind her are promo shots of various musical acts, a platinum record and other music industry paraphernalia. Though she's all business, the woman almost purrs when she talks. If Kid is taken, Play is took. And Sheila knows it.

SHEILA
You see what I like to do is discover talent and nurture it to it's next level. Play played me the tape you two made and frankly I was very impressed.

PLAY
And she's heard a lot of stuff.

SHEILA
Most of it terrible. But then something special comes along. And I get very excited.

PLAY
She's excited.

Kid thinks for a second, and notices the photos on the wall behind Sheila.

KID
You worked with "The Boys"?

SHEILA
To make a long story short, I got them to the right places and they dropped me. It was wrong, but I refuse to distrust all people because of a few.

She notices someone in her outer office. She waves him in.

SHEILA
Ricco, come on in.

RICCO a pretty boy singer type comes in.

SHEILA
Ricco this is Kid and Play. I've just got a deal for Ricco at Warners. Seventy thousand up front. He'll be in the studio next week.

RICCO
Hi guys. Sheila can I talk to you a minute?

He motions to the outer room.

SHEILA
(to Kid and Play)
Excuse me.

She gets up and leads Ricco out to the outer office where they whisper and Kid and Play strain to hear.

RICCO (O.S.)
I feel bad about this...

SHEILA (O.S.)
You can pay me later. Are you sure six-hundred is enough?

RICCO (O.S.)
Sheila you're a life-saver. Thanks.

Before returning to her desk Sheila hands Ricco another envelope.

SHEILA
Drop this by the studio for me.

RICCO
Okay.
(yells to the boys)
Later fellas.

She returns and Kid and Play act as though they weren't listening. But she explains anyway.

SHEILA
I believe in Ricco's talent. I'll get back my investment plus. I just sent Ricco over with a check to secure your studio time. I believe in your talent. The question is "Do you?"

KID
Miss... ?

SHEILA
Sheila.

KID
Sheila. I'm sorry, I got other priorities now.

PLAY
Kid! Homey! You realize what you're sayin? We could blow up with this deal!

KID
I'd be lettin down a lot of people. Not to mention pops.

SHEILA
I could talk to your father.

KID
Naw, I don't think you could.

Kid stands to leave and looks at Play.

KID
I'll be at the car.

PLAY
Kid...

He's gone.

SHEILA
Well I guess that's it.

PLAY
Huh?

SHEILA
Well it was both of you on the tape wasn't it?

PLAY
Yeah, but...

SHEILA
Then I guess that's it.

Play thinks for a minute. Angry that his big break is passing him by. Then decides...

PLAY
Look. I can do it myself. I wrote most of the raps and stuff anyhow. It'll be just as good. Better!

Sheila looks at him with the concern of an astute business woman, then acquiesces.

SHEILA
Okay. Do it.

INT. SIDNEY'S OFF-CAMPUS APARTMENT - DAY

A large space, very afro-centric but with a feminine touch. Large African masks and fertility statues. Swatches of multi-colored cloth hang in place of window curtains. Incense burns in a tray on the coffee table.

Sidney and Kid sit on a sofa looking through course books and filling out registration forms.

KID
If I take physics at ten on Tuesday/Thursday, I can have my lab at two on Wednesday -- But that conflicts with the Economics 101 course...

As Kid tries to figure out his scheduling, Sidney sets her paper down finished.

KID
You're done?

SIDNEY
I just had to fill it out. I had all the times and stuff figured out a week ago.

Kid realizes he could have been more prepared.

KID
Oh. Well what language did you decide on? French or Spanish... or...

SIDNEY
I going to take "Languages of Rhythm."

KID
What? Is that in the Music Department?

He flips through his book in search of the class. Sidney grabs it and flips right to it.

SIDNEY
No.
(reading)
"An introduction to the Ibo, Zulu languages."

KID
Your roommate has you going with this black consciousness thing.

SIDNEY
Kid it's not a thing. Knowing your background gives you a base to know yourself. Like I'm taking this, "Understanding the New African American Female, in relation to the new African American Male."

KID
Well I'm all about that "in the field" practical experience.

He leans over and gives her a tender kiss, which she goes along with, but then goes right back to her point.

SIDNEY
You know I'm serious about this. I think I might major in Black Studies.

KID
I know how to be Black. I been black for eighteen years. I'm gonna get this degree and learn how to make bank. I'll leave the "Black Thing" to you and Queen Nefertitti.

SIDNEY
Her name is Zora, and she's my cuz. Don't go dissin' my family.

Kid turns on the charm, moving in for the kill on Sidney.

KID
I give Zora credit, cause she's your cousin, gots the live pad, and is lettin you room with her, which means no more waitin for someone's nosey parents to be gone before makin that move...

And that move is nearly being made when...

ZORA

Walks in, dressed like the an African Queen, and yells

ZORA
Damn, give the girl a chance to take a breath!

KID
Just nosey roommates.

Sidney jumps up.

SIDNEY
Hi Zora.

ZORA
Ya'll need to give it a rest. Seems like that's all you been doin for the past two days.

She looks at Kid, who is definitely disturbed and showing it. Zora takes no shit.

ZORA
Kid, don't be making cheesy faces at me in my own apartment. You can take your little yellow behind back on to your dorm room with that fool Jamal. I didn't get this place to be no lovers lane. I don't know what my cousin sees in you anyhow.

KID
Good to see you too Zora.

SIDNEY
Zora when do we start work on the show?

ZORA
We'll start pulling it together after registration settles down.

SIDNEY
(to Kid)
Zora's the junior in charge of the Black Student Union's "Student Pride" show.

KID
Thrilling.

ZORA
That's right. And Sidney here tells me you know how to work a microphone. We need something politically correct on the positive black tip. None of that gangster stuff.

KID
Not interested.

ZORA
Don't be throwin' me that immature dialogue. We need some representation from the freshman class. If you can rap, and you want to continue to use my apartment to do untold things to my favorite cousin, you better do the right thing.

KID
You know what Zora....
(total about face)
This shit could be def.

EXT. RECORD STORE - DAY - ESTAB.

A small neighborhood store. A help wanted sign hangs in the window.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

One of those in the community black record stores doing good business. Play works here as manager, and is behind the counter as BILEL walks up and throws some discs on the counter.

BILEL
Hook me up.

PLAY
If you would take the job here you could pay for your own records.

BILEL
I'm a dee-jay. Period. If I start liftin heavy shit I could mess up my hands. Plus ain't no way in hell I'd let you be my boss Play.

Play has counted about fifteen records.

PLAY
Yeah, yeah, six dollars.

BILEL
Six dollars?! I thought you was gonna hook me up?

PLAY
Shit you got fifteen cuts. I should be chargin' your ass a house note.

Bilel tosses Play the cash and grabs his albums.

BILEL
You gettin' real petty Play.

Play shakes his head as Bilel walks off with his shit, when he hears behind his back --

MRS. DEEVERS (O.S.)
Excuse me. I'm here about the job.

Play turns around only to see a small older woman, MRS. DEEVERS who can barely see over the counter standing in front of him.

MRS. DEEVERS
I'm Mrs. Deevers.

PLAY
You know Mrs. Deevers this job requires a lot of heavy lifting and stock room work...

MRS. DEEVERS
Oh the job's not for me, it's for my boys.

(MORE)

MRS. DEEVERS (CONT'D)
(suddenly barking)
Get your butts in gear and say good-afternoon!

Play looks behind him to see Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee moving to attention at their mother's command.

ALL THREE
Good-afternoon.

Play can't believe his eyes.

PLAY
Stab?

MRS. DEEVERS
They've been freeloading for too long. It's about time they add a new four letter word to their vocabulary -- Work!

PLAY
(like Eddie Haskell)
These do look like young men that could appreciate an honest days work, Mrs. Deevers.

MRS. DEEVERS
Huh. Last Halloween someone showed up at the house dressed as a job and nearly scarred the shit out of em.
(to her boy's faces)
You boys are gonna work. And you're gonna do whatever this young man tells you to do, or you're going to answer to me. You understand?

ALL THREE
Yes mama.

MRS. DEEVERS
(to Play)
Go on. Get em started.

PLAY
Well... there's some new shipments in the storeroom. They need to be unpacked and sorted.

The Deevers Boys are pissed, but their hands are tied.

MRS. DEEVERS
Well don't just stand there like three piles of day old dog doo.

They begin to hustle out towards the back room.

PLAY
(to himself)
This is definitely going to be kicks. Big time.

INT. RECORD STORE STOCKROOM - DAY

Play finishes giving his new employees instructions on their first project, janitorial duty. They look none too happy holding their buckets and mops.

PLAY
I want this place spotless.

Play runs his finger through the dust on a shelf that is so thick it's height could be measured with a ruler.

PLAY
A clean work environment is a healthy work environment.

They want to kill him, but Mrs. Deevers stands behind Play daring the boys to react. Play smiles to himself.

PLAY
After you knock this off start unpacking today's deliveries. I got to get back out front.

Play walks out, and Mrs. Deevers hangs behind for a moment.

MRS. DEEVERS
If I hear anything bad about any of you you gonna see mom get busy one time. Go on. Bust a move!

They start to obey as their mom leaves the room.

INT. STUDENT REGISTRATION - DAY

Kid stands at the front of a line listening to SINGH an Indian in a turban, who speaks with an accent so thick it's almost unintelligible.

SINGH
Will you be paying with cash or credit card?

KID
(can't understand him)
What?

From the long line behind him students anxious to get out of the line offer help. First a sweet SOUTHERN GIRL

SOUTHERN GIRL
Cash or credit?

KID
Say what?!

A INNER CITY BROTHER breaks it down.

INNER CITY BROTHER
Yo blood. Cash or credit.

KID
(back to Singh)
Check.

SINGH
Check is like cash. I need I.D.

He gives the check and i.d. to Singh.

SINGH
Very good. You will get your print-out and i.d. at window thirteen.

KID
What?

SINGH
(yelling)
I.D.!

SOUTHERN GIRL
Window thirteen!

INNER CITY BROTHER
One. Three.

As Kid heads off to window thirteen Singh mumbles.

SINGH
Stupid American's can't understand their own language.

KID - WALKING

He runs into Jamal.

JAMAL
Whaddup holmes?

KID
Just paid my tuition.

JAMAL
Yeah, I just came from the bank myself...

KID
(realizing)
The bank!

JAMAL
What?

KID
I forgot to deposit my scholarship check.

JAMAL
Man you better do that cause you don't wanna fuck with this school when it comes to money. They'll put your ass in the street in a Philly second.

KID
Yeah later.

Kid runs off. Could be a good time for a rap tune about "Money".

LOST MONEY MONTAGE:

EXT. CAMPUS

Kid running across campus to his dorm room.

INT. KID'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Kid bursts into his room and starts to search his desk. First he goes through his manilla envelope. It's not there. Then he goes through drawer after drawer.

DISSOLVE TO:

KID'S DORM ROOM - LATER

The entire room turned upside down, still no check. He heads out the door.

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Kid is going through the cushions of Zora's sofa as a rather peeved Zora and concerned Sidney look on.

INT. KID'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Kid runs into his room at the end of his rope. He's looked everywhere. He falls onto his bed, which is still piled up with all the stuff he went through.

The music abruptly STOPS. He stares at the ceiling in silence when it hits him. He bolts straight up in bed.

KID
The car!

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Play behind the counter with his notebook, working on some rhymes as the phone RINGS. He answers.

PLAY
Jay's Records.

INTERCUT between Play and...

KID IN HIS ROOM ON PHONE

KID
Play.

PLAY
Kid. Change your mind?

KID
Naw. I need you to do something for me.

PLAY
You want me to do something for you, but you won't do this with me....

KID
Play this is about school. I'm positive I left my check in your car, when my envelope spilled.

Just then Bilel walks up and throws some disks onto the counter. Play waves him off and Bilel huffs at the inconvenience.

PLAY
Your scholarship check?

KID
Man if the shit isn't there I'm fucked! You gotta check under the seat.

PLAY
Okay chill...
(to Bilel)
Bilel, go check under the front seats and see if you find a white envelope...

BILEL
I ain't no messenger boy...

PLAY
You want a deal?

Bilel cuts out.

PLAY
(to Kid)
Bilel's gonna look.

KID
Bilel? You look.

PLAY
If he doesn't find it I'll look.

KID
He'll find it. I know it's there, you gotta take it and deposit it for me.

PLAY
Then you gonna come aboard with me on this deal?

KID
I can't do that...

PLAY
Okay. Chill. Chill.

Bilel comes back in with the envelope and shoves it to Play.

PLAY
Alright I got it here.

He opens it and pulls it out. It is Kid's check.

KID
Play you gotta take it and deposit it for me now!

PLAY
Yeah, I was gettin ready to cut for lunch anyway.

KID
Thanks man.

PLAY
Forget it.

Play, with check in hand climbs down and yells to an ASSISTANT.

PLAY
Be back in an hour.

BILEL
What about my cuts?

EXT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Play is heading to his ride followed by Bilel, who's still complaining...

BILEL
Man you're still overchargin' me Play!

Sheila drives up in a sporty porsche and stops next to them.

SHEILA
Play, I been looking for you.

Bilel's mouth drops.

BILEL
Damn!

PLAY
Later Bilel.

He walks reluctantly away, still staring back at Sheila.

BILEL
Damn!

PLAY
Yo Sheila, I'm all ready for the session.

Sheila has gotten out of her car and walked urgently up to Play.

SHEILA
I'm afraid I have some bad news -- there's not going to be a session Friday.

PLAY
It got switched?

SHEILA
It's my fault. I guess I trust people a little too much. Ricco really played me like a sucker. That money I gave him for rent, and for your session -- drugs.

PLAY
Damn.

SHEILA
My entire bank account has gone up his nose.

She gets out of her car and leans against it. She looks truly upset.

PLAY
Damn.

SHEILA
The thing that really upsets me is how it affects you.

PLAY
Don't worry about me.

SHEILA
Play -- without that demo we're nowhere. I personally promised the president of Capitol he'd have it the following Tuesday.

PLAY
He can't wait until...

SHEILA
People like that don't wait. I just wish I hadn't put all of my money into Ricco. Foolish.

PLAY
If I had some cash, I'd front the session my damn self.

SHEILA
That would be great! I have some checks coming in Friday. If I could just get a deposit to the studio I could give you the cash back when you go to record.

PLAY
Sounds great, but there's a problem. I'm broke.

SHEILA
Oh.

Sheila notices the check in Play's hand.

SHEILA
What's that?

PLAY
That's a money order for...

SHEILA
(excited)
We could use that!

PLAY
We can't...

SHEILA
It wouldn't even be cashed, it would just hold the studio and then I could give you the money back at the session. That way I could still get this to Profile by Tuesday.

PLAY
I thought you said Capitol.

SHEILA
Well they're a division of Capitol. But the point is we can move according to schedule!

PLAY
This check is Kid's tuition. Besides it's made out to Kid.

She looks at the check.

SHEILA
You're right. And he endorsed it
(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)
too. You know it could sit there for a couple days and then you could deposit it...

She looks at Play's face.

SHEILA
I'm sorry. I must sound crazy. I just hate to see an opportunity pass you by when it's so close.

She starts to her car. Play debates with himself.

PLAY
You see Kid just wrote a check on his account today...

SHEILA
That won't even get to his bank until sometime next week. It takes about four days for a check to go through. But maybe it's not the right thing to do. In fact forget it.

PLAY
You'd definitely have the money Friday?

SHEILA
Federal Express from New York.

Play is still thinking.

SHEILA
Let me call and make sure we can work this out with the studio.

She pulls out her car phone and dials as Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee surprise Play, grabbing him from behind.

STAB
Hey boss. We quit.

PLAY
You what?

ZILLA
Are you deaf punk? We quit.

PEE-WEE
And if you even think about tellin our mom's we'll kick your fuckin ass!

Sheila's off the phone.

SHEILA
Play this is all going to work out. You'll be a star in no time.

She gives him a kiss on the lips that takes him aback, and slides the check from his hand.

SHEILA
Later Superstar.

As Play, overwhelmed by this kiss, his career, Kid's check and Full Force threatening him, tries to collect himself, Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee approach Sheila, who's headed toward her car.

PEE-WEE
You're a talent agent?

SHEILA
Well something like that.

ZILLA
You got this punk a record deal?

SHEILA
Let's just say it looks good.

STAB
Well you need to hear what we have to offer then.

Sheila flips him a business card.

SHEILA
Come by my office tomorrow at two.
(to Play)
And I'll see you at the studio Friday.

She climbs in her car...

PLAY
Thanks, but... wait Sheila, I'm not sure about...

Too late, she waves and she's off. But the Deevers boys aren't.

STAB
Remember Play, you say anything to our moms and your ass will be mowed over like a suburban lawn on a Saturday morning.

ZILLA
My foot will be up your ass so far you'll taste my toe-jam.

PEE-WEE
Not to mention the fact we'll kick your fuckin ass.

Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee go to climb in their jeep leaving a confused Play behind.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Jam packed with students buying books for the semester. A long line of students is behind Kid who is bent over at the register signing the check for his books.

KID
That's one-twenty-three. Right?

A cute Asian GIRL is the cashier, and putting Kid's books in a bag.

ASIAN GIRL
Uh-huh. Carrying a full eighteen units huh?

Kid hands her the check and she sticks it in to the computer for approval along with his student I.d.

KID
Yeah.

ASIAN GIRL
I bought a lot of these same books this morning. Expensive. I'm spending so much money I don't think I'll be able to afford to visit home until next spring.

KID
Tell me about it. I didn't even buy all mine yet.

As the two continue to talk the others in line begin to grumble behind them. Particularly two PREPPIE GUYS directly behind Kid.

ASIAN GIRL
At least your tuition is lower since you live here.

KID
Yeah. Where do your folks live - Japan?

ASIAN GIRL
No Texas.
(then teasing)
Where are yours - Africa?

KID
Sorry. Stupid huh?

ASIAN GIRL
Forget it.

Those behind Kid get even more pissed as the computer doesn't seem to be functioning with his check. She looks at it uneasy. Kid smiles weakly to the crowd behind him when suddenly -- a light on her register begins FLASHES.

KID
What's the problem?

ASIAN GIRL
Your check has been declined. You need to go to the finance office to straighten it out.

Kid turns ten shades of red as some students behind him jeer. The Asian Girl takes sympathy on him.

ASIAN GIRL
Don't worry. Happens all the time.

Kid gives her back the books and slinks off as one of the two Preppie Guys snidely comments to the other...

PREPPIE GUY
Affirmative Action.

INT. MR. KRAMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

The very stern, Nazi like, MR. KRAMMER sits across from Kid and lays down the law.

MR. KRAMMER
Your tuition check has bounced. That means you're not officially
(MORE)

MR. KRAMMER (CONT'D)
enrolled. I can give you until next week to try and straighten this out. If you can't take care of it by then we'll need to talk again. Understand? Part of being a student is responsibility.

KID
Yes sir. I'll take care of it.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Kid is quizzing Play as Bilel watches and instigates.

KID
What do you mean you didn't deposit it?

BILEL
You didn't deposit Kid's check!?

PLAY
I been crazy busy in here, I was going to put it in tomorrow.

KID
Just give it to me. I'll do it in myself like I shoulda done straight off.

PLAY
It ain't here.

KID
It's at the crib?

PLAY
I thought you said he gave you til next week?

KID
I got books to buy, I need my money!

BILEL
Aww Kid, Play dissed you man. Play you totally wrong. You know Kid needs his money!

PLAY
Shut up Bilel. Kid you have to wait til tomorrow.

KID
Why?

PLAY
I ain't got it right now.

BILEL
Kid, he ain't got your money!

KID
Play where's my check?

PLAY
Sheila took it.

KID
Took it?!

BILEL
Took It?

PLAY
Well I kind of gave it to her...

BILEL
(to Kid)
He gave it to her!

KID
You did what???

PLAY
It was a mistake. She took it by mistake to use as a studio deposit.

KID
Play tell me your joking.

Kid and Bilel both look in Play's eyes. He's not joking.

BILEL
He's not joking. That's fucked! That's FUCKED!! You should bust a cap on his ass Kid. Where I come from somebody'd pop a cap in his ass. By the way Play, you gonna hook me up with these?

Bilel tosses a stack of records on the counter.

PLAY
Bilel, shut up!
(MORE)

PLAY (CONT'D)
(to Kid)
Look I didn't give it to her, it just sort of happened.

KID
(freaking)
Play what...?! I...!! You...!!

Kid struggles to pull it all in. He goes to an almost icy calm.

KID
I'm going to maintain. I'm going to maintain.

PLAY
She's going to give it back to me at the session tomorrow...

BILEL
Play... why would you play Kid like that? Kid why would he play you like that?

Kid stares at them both with an icy gaze. He's maintaining.

PLAY
BILEL! Okay, let's just go to Sheila's and get the check now. Fuck the session.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING / PAY-PHONE - DAY

Play is on the line listening to RINGS while Kid watches with the calm of the truly deranged, which he is on his way to being. He talks quietly to himself.

KID
All this shit is going to work out. My scholarship money isn't lost.

Kid suddenly slams his fist onto the side of the pay-phone stand startling Play and Bilel and hurting himself.

KID
Yeoww!! Damn!

Kid tries to pull it back in as Play finally hangs up.

PLAY
I've called all her numbers.

BILEL
And no answer! And her office is locked! She took you Play. What the fuck you gonna do Play? What you gonna do?

KID
Bilel! Chill!
(then icy calm to Play)
What you gonna do Play?

PLAY
Come with me to the session in the morning. The check will be there. Everything will be cool.
(to Kid)
I'll ride you over with me in the morning.

BILEL
I betcha there ain't gonna be no studio there.

PLAY
Bilel shut the fuck up.
(to Kid)
I'll get you at nine.

BILEL
Ain't gonna be no studio.

KID
I'll be ready.

Kid quietly walks away. Bilel says to Play.

BILEL
I need to go too.

PLAY
You so damn sure nothing's going to be there, why you need to be there?

BILEL
To help you get to the hospital after Kid pops a cap in your ass for lettin' some bitch house his money.

EXT. STUDIO - NEXT MORNING

The boys stand outside of the building where a sign reads "Geno's Recording", and Sheila's car is parked out front.

PLAY
(Pointedly to his boys)
Studio. Car.

BILEL
Yeah, well show me the inside.
Probably gutted out.

KID
Let's just do this.

They go inside.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Not only is it not gutted out, this studio is super plush. Play strides up to the RECEPTIONIST, feeling much better about all of this.

PLAY
(cocky, playing it up)
Sheila is expecting me.

RECEPTIONIST
Are you Play?

Play smiles a "See I told you so" smirk to his boys.

PLAY
Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST
Great, she told me to give you this.

She hands him an envelope.

PLAY
(to Kid)
Your check.

Kid snatches the envelope from Play.

PLAY
Could you tell her I'm here?

RECEPTIONIST
She left. Said she told you the wrong studio, but the address to the right one is in the envelope.

Kid has already opened it when Play comes over as they all three peer inside. Kid pulls out a piece of paper and reads it aloud.

KID
(reading)
Dear Play, unfortunately I had to fly to L.A. to see a new act. See you later. Sheila.

BILEL
Awwwwww shit.

PLAY
But her ride's outside.

He runs back outside and Bilel and Kid follow.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

A tow-truck is heaving the car into the air. Play goes up to the DRIVER.

PLAY
Where you taking this car?

DRIVER
Impound.

PLAY
Tickets?

From behind a voice BOOMS.

VOICE
Stolen.

They turn to see they are staring at a POLICEMAN, who eyes them suspiciously.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kid, Bilel and Play walking down the steps from the precinct to Play's car. Play keeps glancing nervously over to Kid, who is walking with a totally blank expression. He's in another world, as Bilel's mouth runs like a machine gun.

BILEL
Damn. I knew the bitch took you Play -- but DAMN! America's Most Wanted like a mug. Larceny, mail fraud, drugs prostitution, -- damn, I hope you didn't get no pussy! That shit could be lethal!!

PLAY
Shut up Bilel she said she had to fly to L.A.

BILEL
Play the heifer has a record longer than my dick! You ain't never gonna see that money again. Never. You must feel like a sucker -- huh Play? Huh? You feel like a sucker, huh?

PLAY
Bilel, would you shut up? People change. Shit, you don't see him acting like a fool.

Just then Kid snaps. We see it in his eyes. It's like the demon's of hell have broke loose inside him.

KID
You stupid motherfucker!

He jumps on Play like a madman and goes at him. The two fall to the ground with Kid on top. His hands firmly locked around Play's neck.

BILEL
Damn, see I knew I was gonna have to come to save your ass Play! I knew Kid was gonna try to kick your motherfuckin ass, and I knew I'd have to save it.

Kid is still on top of Play strangling him on the ground. Bilel hasn't moved to help a damn thing. Play struggle to speak through his choking.

PLAY
(barely audible)
Well help then...

BILEL
Huh?

PLAY
(loud as he can)
Well help then!

BILEL
Yeah...

Bilel goes about trying to pull Kid off of Play and through a tussle ends up somehow on the ground under Kid, and next to Play with Kid strangling them both.

Play looks over at him.

PLAY
Big fuckin help.

The three continue to struggle as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAY'S CAR - A WHILE LATER - DAY

Play and Bilel holding their necks and Kid exhausted and laid out flat on the back of Play's hood.

BILEL
You didn't have to try and kill me too Kid. Play's the one fucked up your money.

PLAY
Damn Bilel can you ever be quiet? Kid, we'll work this out. You'll stay in school somehow.

KID
Don't talk to me. Just don't say shit.

PLAY
Kid...

BILEL
You heard what he said. Don't talk to him. Nigga might get a second wind.

KID
I'm fucked. School is history.

BILEL
Look, I know what you can do. Ask Sidney.

Kid responds by rolling his eyes.

BILEL
What? She's your woman ain't she?

KID
That shit's weak. I don't believe in asking women for money.

BILEL
Kid. Sidney ain't no ordinary woman, she's your "Ho"!

Kid makes a move towards Bilel, who backs off the "Ho" reference.

BILEL
Okay, maybe she's not a Ho...

Kid glares.

BILEL
Okay, she definitely ain't a Ho. But baby's nose is open for you Kid and her family has bank.

PLAY
Yeah. It's not like you're doggin her. Ya'll been hangin for almost a year. She'd want to help you. Probably be mad if you didn't ask.

KID
Play -- don't talk to me.

BILEL
Listen Kid. Do you want to stay in school or not?

Kid thinks for a second.

KID
There's no way I'm asking Sidney. No way!!

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S COLLEGE BEDROOM - DAY - KID

Asking Sidney. This isn't easy for Kid.

KID
Sidney, I've got something important to ask you... Sidney?

Sidney is busy going through her closet, pulling out outfit after outfit, holding them in front of her then throwing them on the bed.

SIDNEY
None of this looks right.

KID
Where you going?

SIDNEY
To a council meeting with Zora.

Kid grabs a skimpy outfit from the bed that would look delicious on Sidney's live body.

KID
Now this is the flavor.

He walks behind her and flirtatiously holds it up in front of her. She yanks it away and moves from him.

SIDNEY
It's not P.C.

KID
P.C.?

SIDNEY
Politically correct.

She goes back to looking.

SIDNEY
Something that emphasizes me as a person instead of a malleable object of male fantasy.

KID
Where'd you get that from?

SIDNEY
Zora.

KID
She wears that back to Africa mu-mu shit cause she's too damn wide-body to fit anything else.

Sidney realizes Kid has missed the point but doesn't pursue it.

SIDNEY
Kid, you wanted to talk about something?

KID
Yeah.
(struggling again)
Okay, here it is... Sidney I need to know...

Zora enters.

ZORA
Sidney -- you ready?

SIDNEY
I can't find anything.

Zora notices Kid.

ZORA
Kid! How you comin along with that rap?

KID
Real good. I got the start of it right here.

ZORA
Well let's hear it.

KID
Alright, I usually like to wait til I finish something, but --
(starts rapping)
DENISE WAS A CUTIE --
WITH A BUBBLEBUTT BOOTY --
SHAKING IT OH SO SWEET --

SIDNEY
(extremely pissed)
Kid! Stop right there! What are you doing?

Kid is startled by Sidney.

KID
The rap.

SIDNEY
That isn't going to work here. You got to got to stop that immature dialogue.

KID
Say what?

ZORA
Look Kid. I told you. No "girlies", no "booties"! None of that. It's got to be with the program and the program is "we will not be dissin the sisters". You gots-ta come correct. PC.
(MORE)

ZORA (CONT'D)
(to Sidney)
Let me see if I have something for you to wear.

SIDNEY
Thanks.

Zora leaves the room.

SIDNEY
Kid, don't embarrass me like that again.

KID
What!?

SIDNEY
Try an show your sisters a little more respect. That "do me baby" mentality is young.

Kid is really lost.

KID
Okay. I'll rewrite the rap.

SIDNEY
Good. Now that we're in college I think we should be a little more sensitive to each others needs.

KID
Exactly. I mean that's what I wanted to speak to you about. We been seein' each other about a year now and I think we at a point in our relationship where...

Without waiting Sidney seizes the conversation.

SIDNEY
Kid, I had no idea you felt this way too. But I think it's a good idea.

KID
You do?

SIDNEY
Well, we are at college. We're
(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
being exposed to people and things we never knew before. It would be unfair to us both if we didn't allow ourselves the room to experience all of that. Right?

KID
You mean split up?

SIDNEY
That's what you meant isn't it?

Kid is shocked he's getting the shaft, but his ego won't let him deny Sidney's words.

KID
Well... Uh-huh.

SIDNEY
Of course we'll still be friends.

Kid starts fronting the shit off, while walking to Sidney's front door.

KID
Word. I mean I'm just glad you took it all so well... I mean I thought you might be a little upset...

SIDNEY
No, I definitely realize it's time to move on.

This cuts Kid like a knife, but he maintains.

KID
Word. Well I'm gonna move on right about now.

He opens the front door.

SIDNEY
You're welcome to come with me and Zora to the council meeting.

KID
Nah, I got some personal business to take care of. Later.

As he shuts the door behind him WE FOLLOW KID into the...

HALL

KID
(to himself)
Like how to kill myself.

EXT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Play walks out to his car only to see three people, backs to him, sitting on the hood of "Precious". He runs to his ride.

PLAY
(yelling)
Look I didn't work my ass off to get that car so you could set yours on it.

He gets up to the car and the three bodies turn around. It's Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee. Play quickly changes his tune.

PLAY
What's up guys?

STAB
The question is, "What's down?"

CUT TO:

PLAY

We pull out to see Stab and Zilla are holding him by his ankles, upside down over an open manhole.

PLAY
Look I didn't tell your mother you quit.

STAB
Bump that sucker. Where is she?

PLAY
Where is who?

PEE-WEE
Wrong fuckin answer.

They lower Play's head beneath street level.

PLAY
(yelling from below)
Let me up! Let me up!

They raise his head back up above the street.

ZILLA
So where is she?

PLAY
Who?

They prepare to put him under again...

PLAY
Wait! Wait! I don't know who you're talking about. Honest.

PEE-WEE
Sheila. The record industry bitch.

PLAY
I don't know where she is, the police don't know where she is.

ZILLA
Look, the batty bitch took money from us for a recording session, and never showed up.

PEE-WEE
And she said you would always know how to get ahold of her.

PLAY
Look, my shit got stole too. I'm telling you I don't know where she is.

STAB
Well guess what, we're gonna give you a week to find her. And if you don't...

PEE-WEE
We're gonna kick your fuckin ass. Understand?

Play nods yes.

ZILLA
Let's put this punk back in his ride.

CUT TO:

PLAY'S CAR

The backs of Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee as they surround Play's car, blocking him from view. They look down to where they have apparently placed him in the driver's seat.

ZILLA
Don't mess up punk.

PLAY (O.S.)
(muffled)
I won't. I won't.

As STab, Zilla and Pee-Wee alk away from their car, we see they have left Play upside down in his car, his feet sticking up in the air above the steering wheel.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A Large lecture hall. The kind that is filled with freshman taking required classes. An eccentric, did too much acid in the sixties, PROFESSOR, a campus favorite, stands at the front of the room excitedly posing famous philosophical brain twisters to his young audience.

PROFESSOR
Do we truly have free will? Or do we have no choice at all. Is our fate pre-destined? Are all our actions, like the movements of the planets, things that can be determined in advance given the correct mathematical formulas? And if we have no free will how could a God, or any man, judge our actions?

The profesor's voice FADES as we pass him and move over the large hall of students. Two other voices become extremely clear though o.s. -- Kid and Jamal. The CAMERA MOVES through the crowd towards their voices to find them.

KID (O.S.)
Man the shit just came from left field. She just cut me loose.

JAMAL (O.S.)
You gotta move on. And trust me, there are plenty of sisters on this campus to move on to.

The camera finds them in the very back of the lecture hall. Seemingly miles away from the eyes of the Professor, allowing them to talk freely.

KID
I should have known you'd be into sisters.

JAMAL
Word homey. I don't hide my preference. I like a booty I can get a grip on.

KID
What the hell do you know about sisters? You're truly screwed up Jamal with this "I'm Black therefore I am" attitude.

JAMAL
I'm screwed up? Look I am what I am. And fuck anyone who can't deal with it.

KID
Okay, forget it.

JAMAL
(brotherly advice)
Look homey. One thing I've learned -- you got to be resopnsible for you. Go talk to Krammer. Deal with it before it deal with you.

Kid is about to comment when from the front of the lecture hall the Professor's voice booms back aimed at the two of them.

PROFESSOR
I think it was Socrates who first told his students, "If you can't share it with the whole class keep it to yourself."

The embarrassment of being busted.

INT. KRAMMER'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Kid sits on a chair nervously waiting, along with a couple other STUDENTS. They all cringe as a very DISTRAUGHT STUDENT leaves Krammer's office. Krammer gives the waiting others a stern look before returning to his room closing the door.

Krammer's assistant MILES, a black grad student, apparently from the good side of the tracks, officiously walks up to Kid and leans in to ask him quietly.

MILES
Christopher Johnson -- right?

Kid nods. Miles signals Kid to follow him. Kid uneasily gets up to follow Miles into --

INT. HALL - DAY

Miles takes a concerned look inside Kid's file.

MILES
I'm Miles, Krammers graduate assistant. Late with your tuition payment huh?

KID
Well you see...

MILES
Save it. Do you have it now?

KID
Well I was hoping...

MILES
To get another extension?

KID
Just for another week until...

Miles gets pseudo-middle-class-black to break it down to Kid.

MILES
Let me give you the four one one on Krammer. He don't like niggas. If he could find a way to keep em out he would. If you go in there for that extension he's gonna dog you. You gotta bring some green.

KID
I don't have it yet.

MILES
Trust me if you were a white boy he'd give you more extensions than a bad weave -- but a brother...

KID
What you're saying is, I'm fucked.

MILES
Yeah, unless...

He pulls Kid even further away from everyone.

MILES
Look, I deal with a lot of the paperwork that passes through here. It's my work-study job. I could shuffle some papers and buy you a little time, but not much. Maybe a couple of weeks.

KID
Couldn't you get in trouble...

MILES
Whoa, brothers got to look out for brothers. Am I right? Cause these cracker mother-fuckers won't. Look with the brothers I come correct.

VOICE (O.S.)
Well hello Miles.

A WHITE ADMINISTRATOR walking down the hall has stopped to say "hi" to Miles, who changes attitudes faster than a pit crew changes a tire, and so convincingly Kid wonders who is the true Miles.

MILES
(very white)
Well hello yourself Dean Stockwell. How are things in the English Lit department? You know I still find myself reflecting on our discussions of Chaucer.

ADMINISTRATOR
Very good Miles. Hope I'll be seeing you in my upcoming class devoted to Kafka.

MILES
Wouldn't miss it sir. Take care.

As they watch the Administrator walk off Miles turns back to Kid, and back to black.

MILES
Man if you want to whup the white man, you got to know how to play the white man's game.

KID
I guess.

MILES
Well, do you want me to hook you up?

KID
You sure it's no problem?

MILES
I'm doin it on the strength of black. And fifty bucks.

Kid looks at him.

MILES
Man this is a big risk.

KID
I can't spare fifty. How about forty?

Kid digs it out of his pocket and Miles grabs it.

MILES
For the black.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Kid back in line at the cashier with the same books, and the same Asian Girl.

ASIAN GIRL
Going to try it again huh?

KID
Well I kind of got my finances straightened out for a minute, but I'll be buying these with cash.

ASIAN GIRL
It's still one-hundred twenty three.

Kid sighs as he counts out the cash.

KID
Good thing I have a work-study job in the Faculty Dining hall or I wouldn't be eating this week.

ASIAN GIRL
Well we can't have that.

Kid gathers up his books to leave and notices her smile. He makes a decision.

KID
Hey... would you like to go out and... you know, do something sometime?

ASIAN GIRL
I really can't.

Kid takes it as a racial thing. Points to his hair.

KID
Guess we're too different huh?

ASIAN GIRL
Not really.

Her boyfriend JIMMY, also a bookstore employee, walks up and drops a fresh stack of bags on the counter. Big, buff and black with a hightop just like Kid's. He gives the girl a peck on the cheek.

ASIAN GIRL
Kid this is Jimmy.

JIMMY
Whaddup?

KID
(backing off)
Not much. I gotta run. Now that I got these books, I got a lot of catching up to do. Later.

INT. KID'S DORM HALL - DAY

Kid walks up to his door where a STRONG BEAT pounds through the wall. Sounds like a party. With some trepidation he opens the door to find --

INT. KID'S DORM ROOM - DAY

A circle of sexy co-eds are in the middle of the room dancing to a GROOVE like "A Tribe Called Quest". They are SCREAMING a party chant, dancing in a circle around two guys. One of which is Jamal, and the other to Kid's surprise is..

KID
Play?

PLAY
Yo Kid. College is too nice.

Kid says nothing. He just stares, still simmering about Play's actions.

Play steps away from the ladies and pulls Kid into the

HALL

to talk to him privately.

PLAY
Look, I just came to take care of things. I mean we shouldn't be like this. We got too much history.

Kid still says nothing.

PLAY
Look, before you get all crazy why don't we just take a few days and hang.

Kid is still silent, unnerving Play all the more.

PLAY
I'll stay out of your way, and when you have a free moment -- We'll talk.

KID
Play I need my cash.

PLAY
I been working on that.

KID
Yeah, I see you been workin real hard.

He indicates the ladies inside.

PLAY
I just had to chill for a minute. You should take a break too. Bust a move on what you like...
(indicates the women)
... and get your mind off Sidney.

KID
Where'd you hear that?!

PLAY
Jamal told me.

KID
Play I need my money. And squash that about Sidney. I'm over with that.

Kid walks out.

FLIP TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Zora stands on the other side telling Kid --

ZORA
She's not here. And she ain't due back no time soon.

KID
Oh. Well I just wanted her to hear the new rhyme I worked out for the show.

ZORA
I'm listenin'. Kick it.

KID
(He didn't re-work shit)
Well... uhh... maybe I should wait until I have them completely finished.

ZORA
Finish 'em by rehearsal.

KID
Right. At six.

Kid stands there rather aimless.

ZORA
Was there something else?

KID
No. I mean, she's been doing okay since we split up right? I mean I was kind of concerned she might be a little depressed...

ZORA
She's the happiest person I know.

KID
Other than me... if you knew me... which you don't really... but it would be no exaggeration to say, "I'm one happy guy".

ZORA
Glad to hear it. I gotta go.

KID
Later.

She shuts the door and Kid's smile goes from a smile to a frown in a second... In fact he looks downright miserable until the door suddenly re-opens and he quickly smiles again.

ZORA
Look Kid. I'm gonna tell you this only once. Sidney wants a man. You want to get back with her you got to grow up and get control. That's it.

KID
That's it?

ZORA
That's more than you think.

She shuts the door and Kid's face returns to its miserable state. He realizes something...

KID
Oh shit...

He hurridly runs off down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. FACULTY DINING HALL - DAY

Like a male only club in it's exclusiveness, the place where faculty members can go to get away from their young charges, and be intellectually stimulated by their own in a comfortable surrounding.

Kid runs in through the front door and hurries towards the kitchen passing the food line where he sees his Philosophy Professor in line boring a fellow intellectual.

PROFESSOR
But I was just thinking, if God were in everything, that would mean right now we were eating God. Then of course we would have to expel God...

His voice TRAILS OFF as Kid goes behind the serving area and into the --

KITCHEN

Where MR. LEE, a no nonsense Black Man fifty plus, and ruler supreme of this arena, stands watching his workers do his bidding. He is spotless in his white outfit. Kid tries to sneak past him, but Mr. Lee sees all and pulls Kid back to him by his ear.

MR. LEE
Boy you late.

KID
Sorry Mr. Lee.

MR. LEE
Sorry? You better get your sorry behind in an apron. Where you been - class?

KID
No... I...

MR. LEE
Oh you was tryin to get some. On my time. If you was in class that would be one thing, but you out chasin.

KID
Not really...

MR. LEE
I hope it was good. Was it good?

Kid doesn't have a chance.

MR. LEE
You need to get your priorities straight. Yours should be your lessons. Mine is this kitchen. And as long as your work-study assignment is in this kitchen your ass is mine. And your ass better be on time. It's a luxury to work in the faculty dining hall.

KID
Yes sir.

Kid turns to leave, but Mr. Lee holds him up.

MR. LEE
Oh, Kid -- don't forget your cap.

Kid frowns.

MR. LEE
Everybody wears the cap.

Mr. Lee points to his own plastic cap that's on the top of his head.

KID
But it doesn't fit, and people laugh at me. I look stupid.

MR. LEE
You sayin I look stupid?

Ain't no doubt he does.

KID
No sir Mr. Lee. It... it looks good on you.

MR. LEE
Oh you sayin I look good with a damn plastic bag on my head?

KID
Naw, I'm just saying I don't want to wear this.

MR. LEE
Look son. Sometimes you got to do what you don't want to do to get where you want to be. And that don't always make it bad, just inconvenient.

KID
I know someone will see me.

MR. LEE
No one will see you but the teachers. That's all that eats here. Now put it on.

Kid begins pulling the plastic bag over his hair.

SMASH CUT TO:

PLAY AND BILEL

Laughing hysterically. They can't stop. They point to:

KID

In the faculty Dining hall with the plastic bag on his fade, and a serving spoon in his hand. The cap barely goes from the top to the middle of his hair. In fact it looks like something from a "Jetsons" hair salon. He grimaces under their ridicule.

Mr. Lee comes out and sees the boys...

MR. LEE
(to Kid)
Get em out!

Plat and Bilel see Mr. Lee and laugh even harder.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACULTY DINING HALL - DAY

Bilel and Play still chuckling about Kid's hat.

PLAY
Damn Kid, you looked like robbie the robot or some shit.

KID
Yeah, thanks for almost getting me fired. Students aren't even allowed in the faculty lounge.

PLAY
Good thing we ain't students.

BILEL
Yeah, or your rep on campus would be ruined.
(thinking)
Robbie the robot!

Bilel and Play fall out laughing again.

KID
Ha ha. Funny. Bilel I know why Play's here... You have a purpose other than telling me how stupid I already know I looked?

PLAY
I brought Bilel up here to help me brainstorm how to get your cash back.

KID
What about Sheila?

PLAY
Forget Sheila.

BILEL
Word -- baby's gone for keeps.

PLAY
We got a better idea.

KID
Which is?

PLAY
Party.

BILEL
Party.

KID
Party?

PLAY
We charge some cash, Bilel hooks up the sound, invite all the ladies on campus...

BILEL
Some of the boys from round the way...

PLAY
And you got guaranteed success.

KID
Guaranteed my ass in a sling.

BILEL
I told you Kid wouldn't be with this.

PLAY
Kid, this could be big. We make it a theme party. Like a pajama party or some shit.

BILEL
Yeah something where ladies have to show some skin!

PLAY
Charge at the door, make some bank. We're hooked.

KID
What door you gonna charge at? You sure can't throw a party in my room.

Play and Bilel are both stumped by this one. But then Play gets an idea.

PLAY
The Dining hall.

KID
What Dining hall?

PLAY
The one you work in. You must know how to get in there after it's closed. Leave a door unlocked or something.

KID
No way. Mr. Lee would kick my ass for certain.

PLAY
He'll never know. Besides would you rather take a chance on Lee kicking your ass, or being kicked out all together?

Kid thinks hard for a second, then remembers.

KID
Damn, I'm late. We'll talk later.

Kid runs off.

PLAY
Trust me -- we could make some stupid bank!

INT. STUDENT UNION / REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Kid enters. The rehearsal is already in progress with Zora onstage doing a RAP with the help of a DEE-JAY.

Others stand around watching the performance including Sidney, who is stage-managing the show.

Kid walks over to where Sidney is standing. He pulls out his new sheet of lyrics and smiles. She acknowledges him but is much more interested in what's happening on stage.

Kid leans back against the table to watch.

Zora in the middle of her rap notices a group of extremely BUPPIFIED black students at the door, including Miles and TARYNN, Zora's political, physical and spiritual opposite.

This unnerves Zora and she calls....

ZORA
Cut! We'll take a break for ten minutes and then move on to the second half of the show. Sidney you call it.

Zora goes over to the buppie group.

ZORA
Tarynn, what are you doing...

TARYNN
The young black professionals have this room booked -- <u>now</u>!

ZORA
(with that neck movement)
Well I don't like your attitude...

TARYNN
I don't recall anyone asking you to like my attitude.

As their argument continues we move across the room to FIND

KID WITH SIDNEY

He smiles sweetly...

KID
I got the new politically correct, on the Afro-centric tip rap jammy.

SIDNEY
Good, Zora can't wait to hear it.

KID
Yeah and there's no mention of booty or anything.

He eyes Sidney's rear.

KID
Though I do know a booty that deserves mentioning.

He tries to hug her from behind.

SIDNEY
Kid... please. We're supposed to be through with that. We talked about this and both said it was what we wanted.

KID
Well I'm not sure if what you thought I wanted, and what I said I wanted was what I wanted.

SIDNEY
Kid, listen to me. I'm not the same person I was a year ago.

KID
Can we talk about this later?

SIDNEY
Maybe tomorrow. Tonight I have plans.

KID
You already seeing someone?

SIDNEY
No, I'm just seeing people.

From behind Miles has sauntered over from the continuing argument and taps Sidney on the shoulder.

MILES
Sidney, hi.

He leans over and gives her a more than friendly hug, which she diplomatically slides out of, wanting neither to upset Kid, or put off Miles.

SIDNEY
Oh Miles... Hi. Do you know Kid?

MILES
Chris? Yeah. Whaddup?

Miles shakes Kid's hand.

KID
(to Sidney)
Is this people?

SIDNEY
Kid give it a rest.

Zora calls across the room.

ZORA
Everybody we have to get our stuff and give the room to the in-cog-negroes here, but we'll meet back here at nine p.m. --
(to Tarynn)
Sharp.
(then to Sidney)
Sidney help me get these tapes.

Sidney waves to Zora she's coming.

SIDNEY
Miles I'll talk to you later.

Sidney goes to aid Zora, leaving Kid watching Miles, and Miles watching Sidney's ass.

MILES
I'ma wear that shit out.

Kid has no claim, only moral superiority.

KID
(sarcastic)
I can see you come correct with the sisters.

MILES
That respect shit is surface. They all want a dog in bed.

Kid rolls his eyes.

MILES
Hey you don't want to gimme an advance on next week, do you?

Kid's pissed. Miles has his woman and his money.

KID
No.

Sidney walks back over.

SIDNEY
(to Kid)
By the way Kid, you'll be first up when we come back.

KID
I think I'm going to have to pull out. You know -- priorities.

Sidney and Miles watch as Kid leaves.

INT. KID'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Play, Bilel and Jamal are sitting on the floor playing poker. Bilel is dealer.

BILEL
Dealer wins again.

PLAY
Damn.

JAMAL
Shit, you dissin' me with them cards holmes.

Bilel throws down the cards.

BILEL
I'm gonna pop this mother fucker Play.

PLAY
Bilel -- chill out.

BILEL
Fuck that. I'm not with that, "Just because I date black people and like black music it gives me the right to try to talk and act Black" bullshit. That "What's happenin bro?" mentality. Fuck that.

PLAY
Chill B. Jamal's Jamal.

JAMAL
Word cuz. I ain't tryin to cause no static.

BILEL
The mother fucker did it again!

PLAY
Don't sweat it. Jamal can't help how he is.

JAMAL
Look Bilel. I grew up in the hood. How I am is what I know.

Bilel just looks at him, when Kid walks in.

PLAY
Kid, you think anymore about throwin a set to raise this money?

Kid doesn't answer he sits at his desk and slams down his books. He opens one to try and study, but sees the picture that Rev. Simms gave him of him and his father.

INSERT - PICTURE

BACK TO SCENE

Kid -- still engrossed in the picture -- answers.

KID
Yeah. And I've come up with a definite answer.

Play, Bilel and Jamal all sigh in disappointment until Kid says emphatically...

KID
We have to do this.

Play shakes his hand.

PLAY
Trust me, this is gonna be a monster.

KID
We need to do it this weekend.

BILEL
That's two days!

PLAY
Shit. We bogarde the space, and send out the word. I'll take care of the babes on campus.

BILEL
I'll take care of the hood.

JAMAL
I can hook up some flyers.

PLAY
And we in the mix. Except...
(to Kid)
You will be able to get the key for the space?

KID
He keeps an extra set in his desk. It's done.

MUSIC KICKS IN:

PREPARING FOR DANCE MONTAGE:

COPY ROOM

Jamal is printing out flyers for the dance. They read, "Pajama Party".

ON CAMPUS

Jamal hands flyers to a group of students.

Play handing out flyers to a group of CAMPUS WOMEN.

FACULTY DINING HALL

Kid, wearing his plastic cap, approaches Mr. Lee's desk, but Mr. Lee walks into the room and points for Kid to go out front. Damn.

ON CAMPUS

Jamal gives flyers to a group of SQUARE PREPPY STUDENTS.

IN THE HOOD

Bilel hands out flyers to some of the WOMEN in the neighborhood.

FACULTY DINING HALL

Kid is back in the Faculty Dining hall office -- looks around -- the coast is clear. He goes to open Mr. Lee's top desk drawer. It's locked. Damn.

ON CAMPUS

Jamal gives some flyers to a group of ASIAN STUDENTS.

Play gives some flyers to more FINE WOMEN.

Jamal gives some flyers to a group of FRAT GUYS.

Play gives flyers to some SORORITY WOMEN.

FACULTY DINING HALL

Kid is using a screwdriver to pry the desk drawer open, while looking around nervously. He struggles, it appears he's making headway when the screwdriver snaps in two, sending Kid to the floor. This drawer is like a fortress. Damn.

COPY CENTER

Jamal makes more copies of the flyer on the machine.

FOOTBALL FIELD

Play gives flyers to the cheerleaders at cheerleading practice.

IN GROCERY STORE

Play gives a flyer to Sharane, who's working at the register.

FACULTY DINING HALL

Kid, still in his Dining hall outfit, is now wearing a welding mask. He sits in front of the desk with a blowtorch.

PLAY'S CAR

Play slowly loading Bilel's equipment into Precious. When Bilel puts something in the front seat he freaks when it appears there may be a scratch.

FACULTY DINING HALL

Kid still pulling on the desk drawer breaks a final crowbar trying to pry it open. In frustration he slams it with his fist -- it pops open revealing the coveted keys.

MUSIC ENDS

INSERT - THE KEY BEING INSERTED INTO A LOCK

EXT. FACULTY DINING HALL / REAR DOOR - NIGHT

Only the SOUND of crickets as Kid prepares to turn the key.

JAMAL
Damn I hope they don't have the alarm set.

PLAY
You gonna wait to mention that shit now?

Kid stops for a second then goes for it turning the key. Nothing happens except the door opening.

KID
We in gentlemen.

Kid, Play and Jamal all walk inside. Bilel yells in after them.

BILEL
Somebody want to help me with my fuckin gear?

A SHOT PAST Bilel reveals gear stacked wide and high behind him.

BILEL
Yo, I ain't carrying this shit by myself. This is already a charity mission.

Nobody comes back out.

BILEL
Dammit if I have to set this shit up myself I promise you I'll play Partridge Family greatest hits all fuckin night.

Play, Kid and Jamal all run back out and start carrying in Bilel's gear.

PLAY
Stop buggin Bilel - shit, we had to get the lights.

BILEL
Yeah, right. Niggas never want to help you out unless you threaten their ass.
(looks at Jamal)
Even pseudo-niggas.

INT. SIDNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sidney is getting dressed for the party as Sharane plays "house guest" before the party. She lays back on the bed looking at the flyer, while Sidney digs through her closet for her outfit.

Sharane throws down the flyer and starts doing her toenails. Sticking cotton between them and the whole bit.

SHARANE
College men. I can't wait. What they like?

SIDNEY
When I first got here I thought they would be more -- just more something. But they ain't really.

SHARANE
Men is men.

SIDNEY
It's startin to look that way.
(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
(she pauses)
I think I want to go get back with Kid.

SHARANE
What? What happened to that other guy? Wass-his-name.

SIDNEY
Miles? It's just like we was sayin'. Naw, Kid might not be full grown yet, but he's trying. Miles is just -- Miles.

SHARANE
Damn Sidney you just spoiled. Niggas chasin' you. Nice apartment. Away from home. I wish I could get away from my knuckle-head brothers. I wish I could get away from that whole neighborhood.

Sidney walks in front of Sharane to model her outfit. It's a serious Afro-centric piece of work. Sharane starts trippin hard.

SHARANE
You wearin that?!

SIDNEY
What's wrong with it?

SHARANE
You look like you're in some damn multi-colored potato sack, that's what's wrong with it.

SIDNEY
Sharane with the sisters on campus this is straight with the politically correct black tip.

SHARANE
Well the tip of some other female ain't at all what I'm interested in. Girl you got all those serious "Here I am, you can't handle it" clothes in there and you gonna wear that? The only heads you gonna turn are niggas who need a chuckle.

SIDNEY
Dawg Sharane. Why you wanna dis me so hard?

Sharane walks to the mirror, cotton still between her toes, and admires herself. There's no doubt she looks good. In fact her pajama gear barely contains her.

SHARANE
Because I didn't have to come to college to know that men want a woman -- not a political statement. I been behind the register but tonight I'm shopping. And I want one of those pre-law... pre-med... pre-money brothers.

SIDNEY
(laughing)
Well money isn't everything.

SHARANE
More than I got now. And you talkin about leaving this Miles to go back to Kid? Girl that nigga's name sounds like money.

Sharane notices the clock by Sidney's bed and begins pulling the cotton from between her toes.

SHARANE
But if you do want to get Kid's attention you ain't gonna do it in that.

SIDNEY
Kid wants me for me.

SHARANE
Gonna be who knows how many women in that party showin it all honey. I say fight fire with fire. Let's move, we thirty minutes late.

Sidney is moving even slower as she debates what to do.

CUT TO:

BILEL - ON THE WHEELS OF STEEL

The music is BOOMING and Bilel is mixing his ass off. By all signals this should be a slamming party, but as we CUT TO:

INT. FACULTY DINING HALL - EVENING - WIDE

We see a long empty space. The lights are low, and the only person feeling the groove is Bilel lost in the music inside his headphones.

Kid, Play and Jamal stand, in their P.J.'s, looking at the clock on the wall. The faculty Dining hall is empty.

KID
I can't believe no one showed up. Not only am I about to be thrown off campus I'm going out like a punk.

PLAY
Something must be whack. Mo'fuckers always show up for my sets. Somethin's funny.

KID
Wrong. Ain't nothin' funny here. Ain't nothin' happenin' here, 'cept one black man going down hard.

Jamal pulls one of their flyers out of his pocket.

JAMAL
Maybe we put the wrong time or date on the flyer.

He looks and then notices.

JAMAL
There it is!

KID
Don't tell me we put the wrong date.

JAMAL
No. The wrong address!

PLAY
How the hell did that happen?

JAMAL
I did it on purpose. So no one from scheduling would see it and sweat us about rent or a permit. So I put a decoy location. But I forgot to put up a notice tellin' folks to come over here.

PLAY
Well what you waitin on? Go do that.

Jamal runs out as Kid yells after him...

KID
And don't let security catch you.

FLIP TO:

EXT. CAMPUS LANDMARK - NIGHT

JAMAL

JAMAL
Ya'll looking for the party.

ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALS:

A large group of students standing around holding flyers. All dressed in pajamas. All types and nationalities.

CROWD
Yeah!

JAMAL
This way!

Jamal starts leading the group off through the campus towards the Faculty Dining Hall. As the pass buildings, dorms, small parks, and the other things that make up the campus, other students fall in. Some of the various students we've seen earlier could also fall into line here, (Singh, the French Student, the Asian Girl and others.)

As they wind their way to the hall the procession is suddenly stopped as the jovial crowd walk dead in front of two CAMPUS SECURITY GUARDS.

The crowd falls silent.

CAMPUS SECURITY 1
Goin somewhere?

JAMAL
Uhh....

CAMPUS SECURITY 2
This isn't one of those non-sanctioned parties is it?

JAMAL
Uh..

Just then two real cute coeds walk over to the guards.

COED 1
It is, but why don't you just come through?

Everyone looks at them waiting...

COED 2
We won't tell anybody.

The two guards look at the girls, then each other.

CAMPUS SECURITY
Just don't let it get out of hand.

Jamal sighs relief, the crowd immediately returns to it's rowdy nature and they head off again, the Security Guards in tow.

CUT TO:

INT. FACULTY DINING HALL DOORWAY - NIGHT - LATER

The party is finally in full swing. All types of students working it out on the dance floor in their P.J.'s.

And along with the crowd that is already inside -- a stream of people is still coming through the door handing over cash to Jamal, who is acting as cashier.

Kid and Play high five as the cash comes in.

PLAY
Success!

KID
Success.

PLAY
Jamal you got this under control?

Jamal nods.

PLAY
Good, me and Kid gotta go work the crowd.

He looks around at some of the women who are on the floor dancing.

PLAY
(to Kid)
Help you get your mind off of Sidney.

He pulls Kid into the dance, as Jamal continues collecting cash.

JAMAL
Three bucks.

He looks up to see Sidney and Sharane handing over the green, but covered up in trench coats.

JAMAL
Only those in pajamas allowed inside.

They open up their coats and look live in their night gear. Jamal is impressed.

JAMAL
Word to the mother!

SHARANE
Who's mother?

JAMAL
Your mother.

He grabs the cash.

SIDNEY
Jamal, is Kid here?

JAMAL
Somewhere.
(eyeing Sharane)
Who's your friend?

SIDNEY
(while scanning for Kid)
Sharane.

JAMAL
The name's Jamal. Yo baby, you need anything let me know.

SHARANE
Thanks, but let me be upfront. I don't do rastafarians. White or otherwise.

Sharane makes a face at Sidney concerning Jamal and they move into the jam.

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee, pull up in their jeep.

STAB
That punk is going to be surprised to see us.

ZILLA
He should have got our money back. He left us no choice...

PEE-WEE
Except to kick his fuckin ass.

STAB
You got the flyer?

ZILLA
Right here. But shouldn't we put on our disguises first?

PEE-WEE
I don't want to wear that shit. It makes us look like fuckin Zulu warriors looking for a pajama party.

STAB
if we're gonna be incognito on campus, we gotta fit in. Now it's a pajama party and the afro-centric look is the new style. We gotta have our shit together.

He reaches in the back and tosses each of his brothers a bag.

ZILLA
Let's change behind that bush.

PEE-WEE
Do we hafta?

Stab shoves a threatening fist in Pee-Wee's face.

PEE-WEE
We hafta. We hafta!

They go behind the bush.

MATCH CUT TO:

BUSH

As they walk back out from behind it in the Afro-centric, Kings of the Nile, P.J. look. I mean they could be African warriors, or Kings, or wise-men. A hodge-podge of colors, textures with large walking sticks that look like they could belong to a voo-doo priest.

PEE-WEE
I'm tellin you, we look like some fuckin Zulu warriors. I'm pissed. I'm gonna kick his fuckin ass.

STAB
Shut up and let's go get this punk.

They head off.

INT. FACULTY DINING HALL - NIGHT

Bilel still spinning. The crowd is moving. All types of students, including some of the boys and girls from the hood.

PARTY ANGLE

In one area a black couple is dancing next to a white guy dancing by himself. He's trying hard to keep up. Everytime the brother next to him changes his step, he follows suit. The black guy notices him and starts changing up just to fuck with him. The white guy doesn't give up though. He's like an "Ever Ready" Battery -- He just keeps going, and going, and going...

KID AND PLAY

In another area dancing with some women. They're taking it easy on 'em.

PLAY
Let's bust it.

Kid is with it, and they break out into some shit that causes more than a few of the women to start checking them out. After all that's the idea. Get them interested in the hip movement on the floor, then get them to move their hips on out the door. It's working. After this dance Kid and Play will have their pick.

ENTRANCE

Zora is walking in with two of her Afro-Centric sorority sisters, CHOLLY and MIMI.

JAMAL
What's up Zora? I see you got your Sorors with you tonight. And you ladies are looking damn good. Like Egyptian Queens.

ZORA
It'll take a better man than you to flood my Nile.

They walk on in.

JAMAL
Damn - it's a sin to be friendly in this mo'fucker.

SHARANE AND SIDNEY

They stand off the side of the floor, Sidney still straining to find Kid, and Sharane sizing up the prospects.

SIDNEY
You see Kid?

SHARANE
No. But I see my first prospect.

She indicates a SQUARE BROTHER standing down from her.

SHARANE
He looks so weak he must be smart.

SIDNEY
You're gonna ask that to dance?

SHARANE
I never ask. They see me and they know.

Sharane goes over and stands next to him. He notices her there. Who wouldn't? But he's to shy to ask.

Sharane bops her head to the beat. That kind of head bop women do when they want to be asked to dance. He still doesn't do anything.

A determined Sharane gets a bit more into it until she's damn near dancing full out by herself. The Square Guy is still not biting. Finally Sharane breaks down.

SHARANE
Look you wanna dance or what?

He mutters yes and Sharane grabs his hand to lead him onto the dance floor. Even if he wasn't freaked out by the fact he probably never danced with anyone this fine before he still would be a dead fish on the floor.

Sidney, still watching from the side, laughs to herself at the sight of it, as Miles walks up behind her and surprises her planting a kiss on her neck.

She turns, excited that it could be Kid, but it's Miles.

SIDNEY
Oh, hi Miles.

MILES
What about a dance?

SIDNEY
Maybe later. I have to find someone.

She goes off into the crowd leaving Miles to wonder, "What's up?"

AT THE ENTRANCE

Zilla, Stab and Pee-Wee make their way through the door.

JAMAL
Three bucks each fellas.

Zilla pulls three bucks even out of his pocket and hands it to Jamal.

ZILLA
How about three bucks even?

JAMAL
But...

STAB
You got a problem with it?

JAMAL
Naw.

PEE-WEE
Good, cause just because we're dressed like a bunch a fuckin Zulus, don't mean we are. We'll kick your fuckin' Jamaican wannabee ass.

JAMAL
That won't be necessary.

They continue to bogarde their way into the crowd.

BILEL

Bilel still into his spinning. But just as the groove is jamming someone bumps his table. The record skips. The crowd looks to Bilel, who looks up only to see CHILL dressed the same as in HP1 dancing in front of him.

BILEL
Deja vue like a mo'fucker.

ANGLE PARTY

The Black guy and white guy are still at it. He's changed up again and the white guy is still with it.

Some BROTHERS are standing against a wall checking out the women, while passing down a can of brew. The last GUY IN FRAME passes it to the person next to him that says o.s.

VOICE (O.S.)
I gotta pass on that.

The Guy looks to see who it is, it turns out to be a reformed GROOVE.

GROOVE
Shit fries your brain man.

The Guy looks at the can thinks about Grooves comment and tosses it.

SIDNEY

She still hasn't found Kid when Sharane walks back up to her from the dance floor.

SIDNEY
How was he?

SHARANE
He had the nerve to be a damn acting major! I left his tired ass out on the floor.

SIDNEY
Sharane that's too cold.

SHARANE
Shoot... it's a too cold world.

Sidney has spotted KID'S FRO on the other side of the room.

SIDNEY
Sharane I'll be back. I see Kid.

Sidney walks off as Sharane decides.

SHARANE
I want to see this.

She follows Sidney.

KID AND PLAY

They've pulled two women, STACY and TRACY and are rapping to them in the corner.

PLAY
Yo, So we thought we could all hang for a minute after this. You know some wine, cheese and crackers? Just chill for a beat.

Stacy and Tracy look questioningly at each other. This definitely isn't a "no". But it's not "yes" either.

STACY
Give us a minute.

The two girls move a little further into the corner with their backs to Kid and Play to "discuss" the situation, leaving Play and Kid to speculate on their fortune.

PLAY
The babes are with it.

KID
Could be.

PLAY
Naw Kid, they're with it. Shit. You gonna get your money tonight and some new ass! Gonna get over like a big dog.

KID
Yeah, but who's gonna get who?

PLAY
Who cares? If we're lucky we can switch. Damn this could be Penthouse Forum type shit.

The girls walk back up to Play and Kid, their faces are stone.

PLAY
So, what's it gonna be?

STACY
We're with it.

PLAY
(to Kid)
What I tell you?

KID
(to the girls)
Ya'll serious?

TRACY
Is this serious enough for you?

She grabs Kid's face and plants a long one on his lips just as from behind...

SIDNEY (O.S.)
Kid...

Kid turns, his mouth smeared with lipstick, his face in lustful ecstasy to see Sidney. He's stunned.

She looks at him and her face drops. She feels like a fool.

SIDNEY
I'm sorry. I see you're busy.

She hurries off, with hurt feelings and a bruised ego.

KID
Sidney!

Too late. She's gone!

PLAY
Well I guess we definitely know who will and will not be with who tonight.

KID
I'll be back.

He heads off to catch Sidney.

PLAY
Kid... !
(to Stacy & Tracy)
Don't worry he'll be back. Of course if he doesn't make it, that doesn't mean that we should just let him ruin our evening. We could all still hang. Besides I gots much stamina.

STACY
You mean, like a "threesome"?

Play kind of nods.

TRACY
Some type of menage a trois?

PLAY
Well that could work, if ya'll are into...

STACY
Hold up. You know that good thing you almost had?

Play knows he's fucked up, but there still a glimmer of hope in his eye.

STACY
You just lost it.

It's gone now. The girls walk away.

PLAY
Damn.

SHARANE

Has been watching all of this from a short distance away. She laughs at Play. He sees her and decides something old and fine is better than something new you can't get. He goes to ask her to dance at the exact same time a YOUNG BROTHER asks her the same thing.

PLAY
Yo, Sharane...

PLAY
Wanna dance?

YOUNG BROTHER
Wanna dance?

Sharane looks at her two options and first asks Play.

SHARANE
What's your major?

PLAY
My major?

She turns to the Young Brother.

SHARANE
What's your major?

YOUNG BROTHER
Engineering.

She looks at Play and shrugs.

PLAY
Oh so it's like that now huh?

SHARANE
(to Play)
Sorry.

She and the Young Brother leave Play for the dance floor. Play just rolls his eyes.

KID

Looking through the crowd for Sidney. He walks through the middle of the dance floor, past the black guy who is losing steam, while the white boy keeps going. Meanwhile:

SIDNEY

Has caught up with Miles. She pulls him out of a conversation with someone else.

SIDNEY
I'm ready for that dance now.

MILES
How about a quick one before we hit the floor?

Miles reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flask.

SIDNEY
I don't usually...

MILES
Well this isn't usually. Come on Sidney you're an adult now in
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)
college. Make decisions for yourself. If you want a drink take a drink.

She thinks about it and takes a swallow, just as Kid catches up with her.

KID
Sidney what are you doing?

He pushes the bottle from her mouth.

MILES
Hey Chris, is there a problem?

SIDNEY
Miles I'll handle this.
(turning to Kid)
I thought you were busy.

KID
Look, why don't we go outside and talk about this?

SIDNEY
Talk about what? We both said what we wanted right? And it didn't seem to me like you had a big problem with it. So if you don't mind I was about to dance with someone.

KID
Yeah, well just lay off this stuff. You don't drink.

SIDNEY
And you don't tell me what to do.

She takes a defiant swallow in Kid's face. Kid frowns.

SIDNEY
Come on Miles.

Sidney takes his arm and they head onto the dance floor.

MILES
(to Kid)
Love's a bitch huh? And not a fine bitch either.

ZILLA, STAB AND PEE-WEE

They're walking through the crowd pushing people this way and that, trying to search out Play. Stab spots Play and points him out.

STAB
Let's get that motherfucker.

PLAY stands on the other side of the room. Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee start to head his way when they are stopped by Zora and her sorority sisters Cholly and Mimi.

ZORA
Did you three fine young men hear the dee-jay announce it was ladies choice?

STAB
Hell no.

ZILLA
Double hell no.

PEE-WEE
He did?

ZORA
You men have the look of some very enlightened brothers.

PEE-WEE
We do?

ZORA
(to Pee-Wee)
Especially you. You carry yourself so regally?

PEE-WEE
Hey fellas, maybe we should dance with these fine women. After all we do want to "fit in".

Stab and Zilla allow themselves to be pulled on the floor with Zora and her Sorors, who go into some African type dance, which Pee-Wee, to his brother's distaste, tries desperately to follow.

PLAY

As he walks over to where Kid stands in front of Bilel's set-up. Kid is busy trying to keep an eye on...

MILES AND SIDNEY

Who are on the floor dancing, with Sidney taking a swig now and then from Miles's flask, slowly getting drunk. But not so drunk that she doesn't think to look over towards Kid to see if it's pissing him off.

KID

It is.

PLAY
Retire Sidney. You need a woman not a girl.

KID
I just don't want her to get in trouble.

PLAY
She's dancing, what kind of trouble she gonna get in?

Bilel leans over to the two of them, holding a microphone in his hand.

BILEL
Anybody going to get on the mike?

PLAY
Word, Kid let's do this.

Kid's still trying to keep an eye on Sidney.

KID
Later.

PLAY
Later? This is our set, and now's the time. We need to hook some more honeys.

KID
I said, "later".

BILEL
Damn, nobody's gonna rock the mike?

PLAY
I ain't gonna do it without my boy. We been rapping all summer, now you wanna dis me?

ANOTHER RAPPER

(Note: Could be Jamal, or Zora)

They grab the mike out of Bilel's hand.

ANOTHER RAPPER
I'll take that. It's time to turn this mutha out.

He starts rapping and dancing in the center of the floor. A crowd gathers to watch and get into the groove. They definitely have the crowd going.

The crowd starts to get real hype on this, and Bilel dogs his boys.

BILEL
Ya'll gonna let this punk step all over you like this at your own set? That's weak. Ya'll goin' out like suckers. You need to grab the mike, or just step the fuck off.

It's a matter of pride and when Play looks again at Kid, he has to go. They make a move to the mike which the other rapper hands over to Play like a smoking gun.

Play starts out with a long solo rap, as Kid waits his turn, alternately into the music, and trying to spy on Miles and Sidney.

ZILLA, STAB

Stand watching the action with the rest of the crowd. Stab and Zilla keeping a close eye on Play.

ZILLA
Let's go fuck him up.

STAB
We gotta wait til he's alone. And we can all swoop down on his ass.

ZILLA
Speaking of all, where's Pee-Wee?

They look around.

PEE-WEE AND ZORA

Over in the corner getting cosy.

ZORA
I need a man who can deal with a strong woman.

PEE-WEE
A truly strong man would never fear a strong woman but meld with her allowing them to become even stronger as one.

They look into each other's eyes. Could this be love?

PLAY

Continues to turn it out and is about to pass the mike off to his boy Kid just as Kid notices...

MILES AND SIDNEY

As Miles leads a fairly intoxicated Sidney through an exit door into a stairwell.

KID

His concern for Sidney takes precedent over the performance and he waves the mike off and starts to make it to the other side of the room.

To the students watching it looks as if Kid got scared and punked out. They heckle his ass while Play tries gallantly to save face. But he'll probably be going down for the count too as a result of it all.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Miles has Sidney up against a wall on one of the landings between floors. He's all over her, pressing a hard kiss against her lips. She's trying to push him off but can't. She manages to pry her mouth from his.

SIDNEY
Stop it!

He forces his mouth back onto hers. If she wasn't so drunk she might have a chance. Hell she probably wouldn't be here in the first place. He tries to open her top, she keeps pushing his hand away. He could get it if he wanted. He's not trying that hard. Just playing with her.

MILES
Stop actin' like a girl.

INT. FACULTY DINING HALL / DANCE

Kid still making his way through the crowd, trips on his way to the stairwell door. This will cost him and perhaps Sidney...

STAIRWELL

Miles is grabbing at Sidney's clothes now. No doubt what he's after. She struggles as best she can.

MILES
Let me loosen you up.

He forces the flask to her mouth to try and get her to drink. It spills down the side of her face. And Sidney manages to knock the flask to the floor.

MILES
Bitch.

He slaps her as...

FACULTY DINING HALL / KID

Has pulled himself up and made it through the stairwell door, still being jeered by the crowd.

INT. STAIRWELL / LOWER LEVEL

Kid hears the struggle between Miles and Sidney as it echoes through the stairway a flight above him.

KID
(yelling)
Sidney?

SIDNEY

Doesn't hear Kid but yells at Miles, half crying now...

SIDNEY
Please stop.

MILES
I'll stop when I'm done.

He continues with his plans.

KID

He's going up the steps two and three at a time.

SIDNEY AND MILES

Still struggling as Kid makes it to the landing they're on.

KID
Back off Miles.

Miles looks at Kid then turns back to trying to get Sidney.

KID
Miles, BACK OFF.

MILES
(to Kid)
Look you can pop her when I'm through, but I'm first. Okay?

Kid pulls Miles off Sidney, spins him around and sucker punches him in the mouth. He's sent hard to the ground.

Kid grabs Sidney.

KID
You alright?

Sidney embarrassed and mad yanks herself from Kid.

SIDNEY
Just leave me alone!

She runs off down the stairs, and Miles, wiping blood from his lip, warns Kid.

MILES
You blew it! Tomorrow I tell Krammer everything. Your ass will be history on this campus.

KID
I don't think so. I'll be paid in full first thing tomorrow.

Kid spits on Miles.

KID
On the strength of Black.

He goes down the steps to find Sidney.

FACULTY DINING HALL

Amidst the still partying throng Sidney walks, barely holding herself together. She walks up to where Sharane is dancing with Jamal of all people.

She doesn't say anything but Sharane notices her friend is stressed. She stops dancing with Jamal to go to her.

SHARANE
Hey girlfriend, you alright?

SIDNEY
Get me out of here.

Kid catches them as they are leaving.

KID
Sidney...

SIDNEY
Later Kid. Sharane get me out of here. I feel sick.

Sharane looks at Kid, not knowing if he is the cause of Sidney's pain or not. Kid tries to move closer but Sharane leads Sidney away.

SHARANE
She said, "later".

The girls head off leaving Kid hanging.

KID
Shit.

Play unaware of anything that has just happened comes up behind Kid.

PLAY
Hey man I have some bad news.

KID
Play I really don't give a shit right now, if people think I punked out on the rap.

PLAY
Bump that bullshit. This is serious!

He turns Kid around to point out to him Mr. Lee, groggy and in his pajamas under his coat.

Kid is reeling.

KID
Mr. Lee.

MR. LEE
Mr. Lee my ass. You're going down Mr. High-top. Anyone wants to use this hall they have to come through me. And I have to report it to scheduling.

KID
Sorry Mr. Lee.

MR. LEE
Sorry don't mean shit. Woke me up from a good dream. Lena Horne and Eartha Kitt. These people ready to throw you outta here.

Kid sighs hard. It looks like college is over.

MR. LEE
But I wasn't gonna let that happen. I tole em I forgot. Cause I think you got potential.

Kis relieved.

KID
Thanks Mr. Lee.

MR. LEE
But I'm gonna hafta take this.

He holds up the cigar box, holding all the money they raised at the dance. Kid's face falls.

KID
The money?

MR. LEE
To cover rental and cleanup. Boy if I was your daddy I'd whup your ass. Now clear this place out before I change my mind.

KID
Thanks.

Mr. Lee walks stridently off, looking at the sweet coeds as he goes. He comments to one BARELY CLAD GIRL.

MR. LEE
Why don't you just go out naked and save some money?

Mr. Lee walks off, leaving a totally beaten Kid. Play just shakes his head.

KID
Tell Bilel to kill the music and let's get these people out of here.

EXT. FACULTY DINING HALL - NIGHT - HOUR LATER

Most of the partyers have left, except for a few stragglers. Kid, now dressed, as are Bilel, Play and Jamal, pulls the door shut and heads to Play's car, where Bilel's equipment is spread out on the ground waiting to be loaded. Play cautions about scratching his ride.

KID
Damn there isn't anything that could make this night worse.

From behind some bushes Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee, still in their get-ups check out the boys.

STAB
Alright. Let's go get the punks now.

They begin to walk across the parking lot towards Play's car, but are stopped when a four-wheel drive vehicle speds to a halt directly in front of them.

PEE-WEE
Hey you trying to kill somebody?

They look up and see the vehicle is being driven by Zora with Cholly and Mimi in tow.

PEE-WEE
Oh, hi Zora.

ZORA
We decided we wanted to get some pizza. And you're just the brothers that we want taking us.

ZILLA
Look we have things to...

He can't get the last word out as lovestruck Pee-Wee pushes him and his brother into the vehicle.

PEE-WEE
Oh come on. We'll have a great time. We can kick some fuckin ass later.

His brother's look at him in disbelief as Zora steps on the gas and speeds off into the night past --

PLAY'S CAR

The gear is all loaded in, at odd angles, there is barely enough room for anyone to ride.

PLAY
We ain't all gonna fit.

BILEL
Uh-uh. We been through this before Play. I go with my gear.

Kid volunteers to walk.

KID
Don't fret it. I'll walk.

PLAY
Hey man, you sure you're going to be okay?

KID
I need to be alone for a while.

PLAY
Kid... Look man... I... I know tonight didn't turn out well, and I just wanted to say you know overall...
(he can't bring himself to say sorry)
Overall I know that.

Kid nods, and Play watches as Kid walks off. Bilel and Jamal pile into his ride and slam the door.

PLAY
Yo, you want to take it easy on my door? Leave it to people who don't have shit to try and fuck your shit up. Sorry Precious.

BILEL
Precious? What kinda name is that for a ride?

Play starts up his car and they pull off as Kid walks down the street alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

Kid sits on the almost empty bus under the ugly glare of the fluorescent lights. He leans back and looks up at the advertisements that run along the top of the bus. One of them catches his attention.

INSERT - ADVERTISEMENT

A National Negro College Fund ad that reads, "A Mind is a Terrible Thing to Waste." or some other ad extolling the virtues of higher education.

BACK TO SCENE

He looks away with anger and frustration. Then out the window. The bus drives past the Reverend Simms's church where a late service is ending. Worshipers walk out to the sidewalk, some shaking Reverend Simmm's hand.

He feels even worse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DARK STREET CORNER - NIGHT

The bus pulls up to the stop and Kid climbs off and onto the hard pavement. He watches the bus pull off and with his hands stuck deep in his pockets walks across the street.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES - NIGHT

Kid walks up. He pushes the chained gate open far enough to barely squeeze through. He walks off into the darkness.

EXT. CEMETERY / HIS FATHER'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Kid is standing over his father's tombstone. He touches the top of it with his hand before deciding to sit down resting his back against it.

He sighs and looks up at the...

NIGHT SKY

Where stars twinkle, beautiful, unaffected by Kid's situation. Somehow the stars seem a bit reassuring.

KID

Seems very at home as he leans his head further back to continue staring into the sky.

(NOTE: If the right diralogue of Robin's could be found you could use it here as a voiceover when Kid looks at his father's name on the tombstone.)

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Play's car, devoid of equipment and other passengers, pulls up to the outside of the cemetery. Play turns off his lights and gets out of his car. He would definitely rather be somewhere else.

EXT. CEMETERY / TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

Kid talks to his father in the darkness.

KID
Well I guess I messed up good this time. I'll have to put off school for a while. Hope you and mom can understand.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CEMETERY

Play creeps through the darkness, looking for Kid. But he jumps everytime he hears a cricket.

KID

KID
I just wish I could talk to you, about it, and you could whup my butt like you used to.

PLAY (O.S.)
(whispering)
Kid...

Kid jumps. Unsure of what he just heard. Can he trust his ears?

KID
Pops?

PLAY
Kid.

Play reaches around the tombstone and taps Kid on the shoulder. Kid nearly jumps out of his skin.

KID
AAH!

Play gets scared by Kid.

PLAY
Ahh!

Kid turns to see Play.

KID
Play, what's your problem, you almost scared the shit out of me!

PLAY
The shit out of you!? Damn!

KID
What are you doing here?

PLAY
Looking for you. You think I like hanging out in cemeteries at night? I figured you might come this way.

KID
Yeah, so. What's so urgent?

PLAY
Bilel spotted Sheila and Ricco at a club near his crib. He's gonna meet us there.

KID
Well let's get out of here.

PLAY
It won't be too fast for me.

They start off to Play's car Kid bumping into Play scaring him again.

PLAY
Will you quit that?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - PLAY'S CAR

Play's car speeds past us and down the street.

INT. PLAY'S CAR - TRAVELLING

KID
Did Bilel call the cops?

PLAY
Kid you want to see any of that
(MORE)

PLAY (CONT'D)
money again we better get to them before the cops do. That cash will become evidence or some guy's Mercedes payment.

They continue around a corner and out of sight.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT - FULL FORCE'S JEEP

Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee are at the stop light waiting for it to change, still in their getups but glad to be away from Zora and her girls.

PEE-WEE
I can't believe someone stole our clothes.

STAB
At least we rid of the babes.

ZILLA
No bullshit. I thought we was never gonna get away from those bears! That shit woulda scared Vincent Price.

STAB
And had the nerve to have us pay for the pizza!

PEE-WEE
I don't know. I thought my babe looked kinda fly. We gonna hook up.

Zilla and Stab both look at Pee-Wee like he's crazy.

STAB
First thing tomorrow we're taking your ass to the eye doctor.

Just then PLAY'S CAR speds through the intersection.

STAB
Did you smell that breeze that just went by?

ZILLA
Sure did.

ALL THREE
Smelled like PUSSY!

PEE-WEE
Let's go kick some fuckin ass!

The speed off in Play's direction.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Play's car comes to a stop on the sidewalk, Bilel is standing outside.

BILEL
Damn, took ya'll long enough to get here.

Kid and Play jump out of the car.

KID
Is Sheila still here?

BILEL
She hasn't passed me. So unless the bitch crawled out on her belly she's still in the set.

PLAY
What we waitin' on?

They go inside.

INT. CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Play, Kid and Bilel step up to the counter to pay their money.

CASHIER
Five each.

PLAY
Five bucks. Everybody give me five.

KID
I'm broke.

BILEL
I wish I had some bank.

PLAY
I'm tired of hanging with niggas that ain't got nothin. Damn, I'll cover it.

He slides the money to the CASHIER who takes it and asks...

CASHIER
Ya'll got i.d.?

Kid and Bilel feign looking for i.d.

KID
Damn I musta left it at home
with the money I don't have.

BILEL
I wish I had my i.d.

Play plays the sophisticate, pulling an i.d. out of his wallet and handing it over with a flourish.

PLAY
I'll make sure they don't drink.

The Cashier looks at the i.d. then at Play.

CASHIER
That would work maybe if you had
a real i.d. instead of this
bogus Mickey Mouse Club
bullshit.

KID
How about lettin us slide, we
have the cover.

CASHIER
I need to see a picture I can
recognize.

Bilel sighs, reaches in his pocket and pulls out a ten spot. Slides it to the cashier.

BILEL
You recognize that picture?
"Hamilton" mother-fucker.

The cashier looks around then pockets the money.

CASHIER
Go on in.

They walk in.

PLAY
I thought you said you didn't
have no funds?

BILEL
I lied.

EXT. CLUB FRONT DOOR - FULL FORCE'S JEEP

Pulls up behind Play's car. Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee jump out.

INT. CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee walk up to the cashier and immediately plop down their money and start to go in.

CASHIER
Wait fellas. I need to see i.d.

They rip out the grill that the cashier sits behind and shove a three fist knuckle sandwich in his face.

CASHIER
Works for me. Enjoy the club.

They head in.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A crowd of older adults. Some old USED TO BE SOMEBODY band play's OLDIES. Kid, Play and Bilel, though out of place go unnoticed as most folks in the club are dancing, rapping or being rapped to. They wind through the club looking for Sheila or Ricco.

Kid signals they should all split up. They head off in three separate directions. Meanwhile back...

BY THE DOOR

Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee also split up.

The six of them make their way through the club, just missing each other on several occasions. Still no sign of Sheila.

Bilel is busy salivating over the legs of a woman at the bar, he follows them up and it's Sheila. She sets down her drink and heads towards the door.

Bilel looks around but sees neither Kid or Play. He follows Sheila and when he sees her about to exit he pulls on her arm to stop her.

SHEILA
Yes.

BILEL
Um. You can't leave yet.

Ricco steps up, apparently ready to follow his woman outside.

RICCO
I thought you were going to the car?

SHEILA
This young man says I can't leave yet.

Ricco looks down at Bilel, and Bilel senses he's in deeper than he wants to be.

BILEL
Uhh... Some friends of mine wanted to talk to you. They umm heard you could hook them up with a record deal.

Sheila is with this and smiles.

SHEILA
Oh, Ricco go get the car and I'll be right out.

Ricco leaves, and Bilel is relieved to see Kid and Play walking up behind Sheila.

Sheila looks behind her right into their faces and panics. She turns to run out the door.

KID
Bilel, don't let her out.

Bilel jumps between the door and Sheila. She runs up to Bilel and kicks him in the shin.

BILEL
Ow!

He leans down to grab his leg, holding himself with his one hand against the door jam.

Sheila pushes past him through the swinging door which flies back and slams onto Bilel's hand.

BILEL
Damn!

Kid and Play make it up to the door.

PLAY
She got out.

BILEL
Fuck that! That ho kicked me in my leg, and slammed the door on my money hand. I won't be able to spin for weeks.

KID
Let's just get her before she cuts for good.

They cause a commotion piling through the door, with Bilel hobbling and cursing behind them.

Pee-Wee, Stab and Zilla hear the racket from the other side of the club.

STAB
That way!

They knock folks over left and right as they make their way over to the door.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Ricco has pulled some new, probably stolen, Benz to the front of the building. Sheila runs out and jumps into the passenger seat and tells Ricco.

SHEILA
Let's get the hell out of here.

Play and Kid bust out of the door in time to see Sheila's car pull off. They run to Play's car and jump in almost forgetting...

BILEL

Hobbling out holding his leg and his hand simultaneously. He looks pathetic.

BILEL
She dogged my scratchin' hand. I'm gonna kill that bitch!

KID
Stop jawin' and get in the ride.

Bilel climbs into the car with Kid and Play. It speds off after Sheila as...

STAB, ZILLA AND PEE-WEE

Come running out of the club and to their jeep. They climb in and go off after Play and Kid. As their jeep burns rubber into the street nearly taking out a...

COP CAR

The cops turn on their LIGHTS and SIRENS to head off after the offenders.

A CHASE ENSUES

A serious four car chase through alleys...

Down streets...

Up on sidewalks...

Through a park...

Knocking over a fruit-stand/newsstand/shoe-shine stand, or some other independent business that probably has no insurance.

(NOTE: This can get as elaborate as budget permits. I'd personally like to see some "Blues Brothers" type action.)

As the chase occurs we see snippets of the action in various cars.

SHEILA'S CAR

SHEILA
I told you it was too soon to come back here, but no...

PLAY'S CAR

KID
Can't you go faster, you're losing them.

PLAY
Man if I go any faster I could seriously cause damage to my ride, and nothing happens to Precious.

BILEL
I'ma take my good hand and sucker punch the shit out of the ho when I catch her, then I'm gonna take my good leg and kick her fuckin ass. Then I'm gonna buy a gun and bust a cap in her behind.

FULL FORCE'S JEEP

ZILLA
I'm gonna kick his ass one time for every dollar he made us lose to that trifflin bitch.

PEE-WEE
I'm gonna kick his ass for making me dress like a fuckin Zulu warrior.

STAB
I'm gonna kick his ass for making me have to wait so long to kick his ass. And puttin the cops on ours.

PEE-WEE
Let's face it, when it comes right down to it, we're just gonna...

PEE-WEE AND ALL
KICK HIS FUCKIN ASS!!

COP CAR

COP 1
You get anything on that licence?

COP 2
It's clean. I don't know who they are.

COP 1
If you ask me, they look like a bunch of Zulu Warriors.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

SHEILA'S CAR

Turns a corner hard and can't avoid running into a

FOUNTAIN

Water splashes down on the Benz as --

PLAY'S CAR

Turns the corner following, and just misses the fountain, rolling into some relatively harmless hedges beyond it.

FULL FORCES JEEP

Is not as fortunate however. The jeep ends up in the fountain behind Sheila's Benz. Finally the --

POLICE CAR

Turns in and stops. The two cops jump out, throw their doors open, pull their guns and take aim.

COPS
Everybody freeze.

Everyone in their respective cars reaches their hands into the air. Those in the fountain being pelted by water, and our boys in the hedges being crawled on by a squirrel.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A small hub-bub of activity. A couple cops walking two crazy-looking robbers, REGGIE and WARRINGTON to a desk. Dressed as they were in one, including the lamp-shade.

The camera FOLLOWS them but STOPS at an officer's desk, where the two cops stand nearby watching as Sheila and Ricco get taken to a holding cell.

KID
So you mean there's no money?

COP 1
With these type of people you almost never get your money back. Sorry.

PLAY
What about a reward or something?

COP 2
Nothing.

BILEL
That's really fucked up!

The cop looks hard at Bilel.

BILEL
(losing the attitude)
Sir.

COP 2
You can file charges, that's about it.

Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee go marching through the room, still in P.J.'s followed by Mrs. Deevers.

MRS. DEEVERS
You just wait until I get you home. Bringing me down to the police station at two in the morning, cause you three hooligans were out trying to whup somebodies behind. Dressed like a bunch of Zulu warriors.

ALL THREE
Yes ma'am.

MRS. DEEVERS
Well I can tell you I'm going to be the only one kicking some ass tonight.

They continue out the door, still being reprimanded by their mother.

The cops look back to Kid, Play and Bilel.

COP 1
Someone will call you about the trial.

KID
Thanks.

They sadly get up to leave.

EXT. PRECINCT STEPS - NIGHT

Kid, Play and Bilel walk down the steps in silence. Play looks at Kid.

PLAY
Kid. Hey man. I wanted to say this before. In fact I should have said it even before that. I'm sorry. I really screwed you up.

KID
You didn't screw me up -- I screwed me up.

BILEL
I wouldn't say that shit. I think Play...

PLAY & KID
Shut up!

They look at each other and laugh. This is the closest they've been to being in the same frame of mind in a long time.

PLAY
What you gonna do man?

KID
I don't know. No, I do know. I've just got to take responsibility for me. I'll sit out, tell Reverend Simms what happened, get a gig and save up for next year. I just got to take control over what I have control over -- me.

PLAY
Ride?

KID
I'll walk.

He goes off down the street. He looks pained as Kid disappears down the dark street. He's about to climb in to his car next to Bilel when suddenly he slams the door so hard the noise ECHOES off the precinct walls.

BILEL
Damn -- just fuck Precious up.

PLAY
Fuck the car man. Fuck the car.
(an idea hits him)
Fuck the car.

He jumps in next to Bilel and speeds off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KID'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Kid is packing his stuff when Sidney walks in.

SIDNEY
Hi Kid.

KID
Hi.

SIDNEY
(notices the boxes)
Where you going?

KID
Home... Back to Play's.

SIDNEY
You don't like it on campus?

KID
I love it on campus. I can't afford to stay..

SIDNEY
What about your scholarship?

KID
It's a long story.

SIDNEY
If you needed money you should have asked me...

KID
I'm being responsible for myself from now on. I'm asking no one to do what I can do for myself.

Sidney realizes that Kid is beyond even she in that respect.

SIDNEY
Well, I guess I could learn something from you there. I'm sorry about last night. I was really mixed up.

KID
You don't have to apologize to me Sidney... just be careful. Okay?

SIDNEY
Okay. But thanks for coming through for me.

KID
You got to learn to come through for yourself Sidney. You can't count on other people to come through.

Play has been standing in the door.

PLAY
Sometimes you can.

Play hands Kid an envelope. Kid opens it. He's shocked.

KID
Where'd this come from?

PLAY
Don't worry about it. I owe it to you. Let's just get it over to the registrars office before they toss your butt.

KID
Okay, but we got to do this right.

INT. KRAMMER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Miles is sitting behind his desk, still nursing his swollen lip. Kid walks in alone. There are other students sitting in chairs waiting to talk to Miles.

Kid walks in front of one, who's about to sit at Miles's desk.

STUDENT
Hey pal, wait your turn.

MILES
That's okay, he was here earlier.

Kid sits down.

MILES
I told you I was gonna bust you with Krammer today.

KID
Look, I'm sorry about last night. I really flew off the handle.

MILES
Too late. You messed up.

KID
Look, I'll get you the fifty a week.

Kid slides a fifty across the desk to Miles.

Everyone sits silent.

KRAMMER
Trust me you won't be kicked out of school.

Damn near everyone in the room raises their hand. Krammer looks down at Miles.

KRAMMER
Of course the same can't be said for you.

KID
(to Miles)
Paybacks a bitch. And not a fine bitch either.

Miles looks truly ill.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Kid, Play and Sidney all smiles as they exit the building.

SIDNEY
Did you see the look on his face when he saw Krammer?

PLAY
And the way he was salivating when he saw that money?

KID
Sweet revenge. By the way, where did you get that money anyhow?

Play shrugs his shoulders.

KID
Wait. Where's precious? You sold your ride? You loved that car.

PLAY
It's a car. You're a friend.

Kid embraces Play.

PLAY
And you don't have to look over your shoulder, I paid off Stab and the boys too.

SIDNEY
This means you can still do the rap at the B.S.U. show.

PLAY
After the shit that happened at the party? Our rep is through. Everybody thinks...

CUT TO:

ZORA

ZORA
They're weak!

INT. STUDENT UNION HALL - DAY - DAYS LATER

Zora is telling Sidney there is no way she wants them to perform.

SIDNEY
Trust me.

ZORA
Alright, let em go out there, but if they don't come off, just remember it's not only you and me who look bad, it's the whole Black Student Union.

SIDNEY
Thanks Zora.

She goes to tell the boys.

BACKSTAGE

Kid and Play hype themselves up.

SIDNEY
You know what you got to do.

KID
Don't worry. It's money.

Sidney glances at Bilel.

SIDNEY
Is he going to be able to play like that?

She points to Bilel, with one arm in a sling and a cast on his leg, preparing his gear on the stage behind them.

BILEL
Don't ya'll worry about me. I'm gonna turn it out. I just wish I coulda kicked that bitch's ass.

The backstage lights dim.

SIDNEY
That's ya'll. Good luck.

She kisses Kid on the cheek. He smiles as the curtains open.

PLAY
(to Kid)
Let's do this.

VIEW OF THE STAGE

As Kid and Play get busy.

The crowd gets into it. We catch glimpses of Jamal, Sharane, and Sidney also feeling the beat.

Even Zora and her sorors have to give it up. We PAN over to see Stab, Zilla and Pee-Wee grooving with them.

Kid and Play keep working it out as we:

FADE TO BLACK

END